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AUTUMN.

ON the red autumn leaves I ride,
While, parting from the half-stripped trees,
The flakes of gold and amber glide
And float on the November breeze.

The larches' hair is golden now,
They stand in groves of springing flame,
Behind them, dark in leaf and bough,
The fir-woods stretch their mighty frame.

Ah, splendour of the fading leaf !
Ah, kindly glory of decay !
How it would heal both doubt and grief,
Did Age thus brightly fade away.

But we are scared by failing breath,
We cannot trust the heavenly spring ;
And shrinking from the touch of Death,
The beauties of the soul take wing ;

—Take wing, or veil themselves in awe
And bleak regret, and blank amaze,
As though then first the spirit saw
The wasted wealth of deeds and days.

Ah, yes ! this rich autumnal gold
Is only sunlight in decay, —
But Age, forlorn, and sad, and cold,
The porch of life, the gate of day.

Spectator.

THE SICK MAN AND THE BIRDS.

ÆGROTUS.

SPRING, — art thou come, O Spring !
I am too sick for words ;
How naut thou heart to sing,
O Spring ! with all thy birds ?

MERULA.

I sing for joy to see again
The merry leaves along the lane,
The little bud grown ripe ;
And look, my love upon the bough !
Hark, how she calleth to me now, —
" Pipe ! pipe ! "

ÆGROTUS.

Ah ! weary is the sun ;
Love is an idle thing ;
But, Bird, thou restless one,
What ails thee, wandering ?

HIRUNDO.

By shore and sea I come and go,
To seek I know not what ; and lo !
On no man's eaves I sit
But voices bid me rise once more,
To flit again by sea and shore, —
Flit ! Flit !

ÆGROTUS.

This is Earth's bitter cup :
Only to seek, not know.
But thou, that strivest up,
Why dost thou carol so ?

ALAUDE.

A sacred Spirit giffeth me
With song, and wing that lifteth me, —
A Spirit for whose sake,
Striving amain to reach the sky,
Still to the old dark earth I cry —
" Wake ! wake ! "

ÆGROTUS.

My hope hath lost its wing.
Thou, that to night dost call,
How hast thou heart to sing
Thy tears made musical ?

PHILOMELA.

Alas for me ! a dry desire
Is all my song, — a waste of fire
That will not fade nor fail ;
To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time,
" Wail ! wail ! "

ÆGROTUS.

Thine is the sick man's song, —
Mournful, in sooth, and fit ;
Unrest that cries " How long ! " —
And the night answers it.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"TWO THAT SLEEP AND ONE THAT
WATCHETH."

[SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE BY S. SOLOMON.]

" COULD ye not watch one hour ? " The hour
is late,

And the chill air is drowsy, and they sleep ;
Two ; but one sleeps not ; he whose love was
great,

And who was greatly loved, his watch will
keep.

The stars are clear, but not to them his eyes
Turn to win patience from their patient
light ;

Still on the earth he keeps his stedfast sight,
And bid to watch, so watches for surprise.

And so to his unsleeping eyes was given

To see his Master's agony, that drew
That sweat of blood ; to hear that cry of
woe, —

'Tis thus with those three priceless gifts of
heaven ;

Hope sleeps, and Faith may slumber, but the
few

Who really love, nor sleep nor slumber
know.

Spectator.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

POPE AS A MORALIST.

THE extraordinary vitality of Pope's writings is a remarkable phenomenon in its way. Few reputations have been exposed to such perils at the hands of open enemies or of imprudent friends. In his lifetime "the wasp of Twickenham" could sting through a sevenfold covering of pride or stupidity. Lady Mary and Lord Hervey writhed and retaliated with little more success than the poor denizens of Grub Street. But it is more remarkable that Pope seems to be stinging well into the second century after his death. His writings resemble those fireworks which, after they have fallen to the ground and been apparently quenched, suddenly break out again into sputtering explosions. The waters of a literary revolution have passed over him without putting him out. Though much of his poetry has ceased to interest us, so many of his brilliant couplets still survive that probably no dead writer, with the solitary exception of Shakespeare, is more frequently quoted at the present day. It is in vain that he is abused, ridiculed, and even declared to be no poet at all. The school of Wordsworth regarded him as the embodiment of the corrupting influence in English poetry; more recently M. Taine has attacked him, chiefly, as it would seem, for daring to run counter to M. Taine's theories; and, hardest fate of all, the learned editor who is now bringing out a conclusive edition of his writings has had his nerves so hardened by familiarity with poor Pope's many iniquities, that his notes are one prolonged attack on his author's morality, orthodoxy, and even poetical power. We seem to be listening to a Boswell animated by the soul of a Dennis. And yet Pope survives, as indeed the bitterness of his assailants testifies. When controversialists spend volumes in confuting an adversary who has been for centuries in his grave, their unconscious testimony to his vitality is generally of more significance than their demonstration that he ought to be insignificant. Drowning a dead rat is too dismal an occupation to be long pursued; and whilst we watch the stream

descending, we may generally assume that the rat has still some life in him.

Pope, moreover, has received testimonies of a less equivocal kind. Byron called him, with characteristic vehemence, the "great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence;" though it is not less characteristic that Byron was at the same time helping to dethrone the idol before which he prostrated himself. Steube, again, has thrown the shield of his unrivalled critical authority over Pope when attacked by M. Taine; and a critic, who may sometimes be overstrained in his language, but who never speaks as a critic without showing the keenest insight, has more recently spoken of Pope in terms which recall Byron's enthusiasm. "Pope," says Mr. Ruskin, in one of his Oxford lectures, "is the 'most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind;' and he adds that his hearers will find, as they study Pope, that he has expressed for them, 'in the strictest language and within the briefest limits, every law of art, of criticism, of economy, of policy, and finally of a benevolence, humble, rational, and resigned, contented with its allotted share of life, and trusting the problem of its salvation to Him in whose hand lies that of the universe.'" These remarks are added by way of illustrating the relation of art to morals, and enforcing the great principle that a noble style can only proceed from a sincere heart. "You can only learn to speak as these men spoke by learning what these men were." When we ask impartially what Pope was, we may possibly be inclined to doubt the complete soundness of the eulogy upon his teaching. Meanwhile, however, Byron and Mr. Ruskin agree in holding up Pope as an instance, almost as the typical instance, of that kind of poetry which is directly intended to enforce a lofty morality. To possess such a charm for two great writers, who, however different in all other respects, strikingly agree in this, that their opinions are singularly independent of conventional judgments, is some proof that Pope possessed great merits as a poetical in-

terpreter of morals. Without venturing into the wider ocean of poetical criticism, I will endeavour in this article to inquire what was the specific element in Pope's poetry which explains, if it does not justify, this enthusiastic praise.

I shall venture to assume, indeed, that Pope was a genuine poet. Nor do I understand how any one who has really studied his writings can deny to him that title, unless by help of a singularly narrow definition of its meaning. It is sufficient to name the *Rape of the Lock*, which is allowed, even by his bitterest critics, to be a masterpiece of delicate fancy. Pope's sylphs, as Mr. Elwin says, are legitimate descendants from Shakespeare's fairies. True, they have entered into rather humiliating bondage. Shakespeare's Ariel has to fetch the midnight dew from the still vexed Bermoothes; he delights to fly—

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,

whereas the "humbler province" of Pope's Ariel is "to tend the fair"—

To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in
showers,

A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs.
Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

Prospero, threatening Ariel for murmuring, says, "I will

rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, until
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

The fate threatened to a disobedient sprite in his later poem is that he shall

Be stuff'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye.

Scriblerus, were that excellent critic still alive, might convert the poem into an allegory. Pope's muse—one may use the old-fashioned word in such a connection—had left the free forest for Will's Coffee-house, and haunted ladies' boudoirs instead of the brakes of the enchanted island. Her wings were clogged with "gums and pomatums," and her "thin essence" had shrunk "like a rivell'd flower." But a delicate fancy is a deli-

cate fancy still, even when employed about the paraphernalia of modern life; a truth which Byron maintained, though not in an unimpeachable form, in his controversy with Bowles. We sometimes talk as if our ancestors were nothing but hoops and wigs; and forget that human passions exist even under the most complex structures of starch and buckram. And consequently we are very apt to make a false estimate of the precise nature of that change which fairly entitles us to call Pope's age prosaic. In showering down our epithets of artificial, sceptical, and utilitarian, we not seldom forget what kind of figure we are ourselves likely to make in the eyes of our own descendants.

Whatever be the position rightly to be assigned to Pope in the British Walhalla, his own theory has been unmistakably expressed. He boasts

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth and moralized his song.

His theory is compressed into one of the innumerable aphorisms which have to some degree lost their original sharpness of definition, because they have passed, as current coinage, through so many hands.

The proper study of mankind is man.

The saying is in form about identical with Goethe's remark that man is properly the only object which interests man. The two poets, indeed, understood the doctrine in a very different way. Pope's interpretation was narrow and mechanical. He would place such limitations upon the sphere of human interest as to exclude, perhaps, the greatest part of what we generally mean by poetry. How much, for example, would have to be suppressed if we sympathized with Pope's condemnation of the works in which

Pure description holds the place of sense.

A large proportion of such poets as Thomson and Cowper would disappear, Wordsworth's pages would show fearful gaps, and Keats would be in risk of summary suppression. We may doubt whether much would be left of Spenser, from whom both Keats and Pope, like so many other of our poets, drew inspiration

in their youth. Fairyland would be deserted, and the poet condemned to working upon ordinary commonplaces in broad daylight. The principle which Pope proclaimed is susceptible of the inverse application. Poetry, it really proves, may rightly concern itself with inanimate nature, with pure description, or with the presentation of lovely symbols not definitely identified with any cut and dried saws of moral wisdom; because there is no part of the visible universe to which we have not some relation, and the most etherial dreams that ever visited a youthful poet "on summer eve by haunted stream" are in some sense reflections of the passions and interests that surround our daily life. Pope, however, as the man more fitted than any other fully to interpret the mind of his own age, inevitably gives a different construction to a very sound maxim. He rightly assumes that man is his proper study; but then by man he means not the genus, but a narrow species of the human being. "Man" means Bolingbroke, and Walpole, and Swift, and Curll, and Theobald; it does not mean man as the product of a long series of generations and part of the great universe of inextricably involved forces. He cannot understand the man of distant ages; Homer is to him not the spontaneous voice of a ruder age, but a clever artist, whose gods and heroes are consciously-constructed parts of an artificial "machinery." Nature has, for him, ceased to be inhabited by sylphs and fairies, except to amuse the fancies of fine ladies and gentleman, and has not yet received a new interest from the fairy tales of science. The old ideal of chivalry merely suggests the sneers of Cervantes, or even the buffoonery of Butler's wit, and has not undergone restoration at the hands of modern romanticists. Politics are not associated in his mind with any great social upheaval, but with a series of petty squabbles for places and pensions, in which bribery is the great moving force. What he means by religion often seems to be less the recognition of a divine element in the world than a series of bare metaphysical demonstrations too frigid to produce enthusiasm or to stimu-

late the imagination. And, therefore, he inevitably interests himself chiefly in what is certainly a perennial source of interest—the passions and thoughts of the men and women immediately related to himself; and it may be remarked, in passing, that if this narrows the range of Pope's poetry, the error is not so vital as a modern delusion of the opposite kind. Because poetry should not be brought into too close a contact with the prose of daily life, we sometimes seem to think that it must have no relation to daily life at all, and consequently convert it into a mere luxurious dreaming, where the beautiful very speedily degenerates into the pretty or the picturesque. Because poetry need not be always a pointblank fire of moral platitudes, we occasionally declare that there is no connection at all between poetry and morality, and that all art is good which is for the moment agreeable. Such theories must end in reducing all poetry and art to be at best more or less elegant trifling for the amusement of the indolent: and to those who uphold them, Pope's example may be of some use. If he went too far in the direction of identifying poetry with preaching, he was not wrong in assuming that poetry should involve preaching, though by an indirect method. Morality and art are not independent, though not identical; for both, as Mr. Ruskin shows in the passage just quoted, are only admirable when the expression of healthful and noble natures.

Taking Pope's view of his poetical office, there remain considerable difficulties in estimating the value of the lesson which he taught with so much energy. The difficulties result both from that element which was common to his contemporaries and from that which was supplied by Pope's own idiosyncrasies. The commonplaces in which Pope takes such infinite delight have become very stale for us. Assuming their perfect sincerity, we cannot understand how anybody should have thought of enforcing them with such amazing emphasis. We constantly feel a shock like that which surprises the reader of Young's *Night Thoughts* when he finds it asserted, in all the pomp of blank verse, that

Procrastination is the thief of time.

The maxim has rightly been consigned to copybooks. And a great deal of Pope's moralizing is of the same order. We do not want denunciation of misers. Nobody of the present day keeps gold in an old stocking. When we read the observation,

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain the riches he can ne'er enjoy,

we can only reply in the familiar French, *connu!* We knew that when we were in petticoats. In fact, we cannot place ourselves in the position of men at the time when modern society was definitely emerging from the feudal state, and everybody was sufficiently employed in gossiping about his neighbours. We are perplexed by the extreme interest with which they dwell upon the little series of obvious remarks which have been worked to death by later writers. Pope, for example, is still wondering over the first appearance of one of the most familiar of modern inventions. He exclaims,

Best paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!

He points out with an odd superfluity of illustration, that bank-notes enable a man to be bribed much more easily than of old. There is no danger, he says, that a patriot will be exposed by a guinea dropping out of his pocket at the end of an interview with the minister; and he shows how awkward it would be if a statesman had to take his bribes in coin, and his servants should proclaim,

Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levees roar.

This, however, was natural enough when the South Sea scheme was for the first time illustrating the powers and the dangers of extended credit. To us, who are beginning to fit our experience of commercial panics into a scientific theory, the wonder expressed by Pope sounds like the exclamations of a savage over a Tower musket. And in the sphere of morals it is pretty much the same. All those reflections about the little obvious vanities and frivolities of social science which supplied two generations of British essayists, from the *Tatler* to the *Lounger*, with an inexhaustible fund of mild satire, have lost their freshness. Our own modes of life have become so complex by comparison, that we pass over these

mere elements to plunge at once into more refined speculations. A modern essayist starts where Addison or Johnson left off. He assumes that his readers know procrastination to be an evil, and tries to gain a little piquancy by paradoxically pointing out the objections to punctuality. Character, of course, becomes more complex, and requires more delicate modes of analysis. Compare, for example, the most delicate of Pope's delineations with one of Mr. Browning's elaborate psychological studies. Remember how many pages of acute observation are required to set forth Bishop Blougram's peculiar phase of worldliness, and then turn to Pope's descriptions of Addison, or Wharton. Each of these descriptions is, indeed, a masterpiece in its way; the language is inimitably clear and pointed: but the leading thought is obvious, and leads to no intricate problems. Addison—assuming Pope's Addison to be the real Addison—might be cold-blooded and jealous; but he had not worked out that elaborate machinery for imposing upon himself and others which is required in a more critical age. He wore a mask, but a mask of simple construction; not one of those complex contrivances of modern invention which are so like the real skin that it requires the acuteness and patience of a scientific observer to detect the difference and point out the nature of the deception. The moral difference between such an Addison and a Blougram is as great as the difference between an old stage-coach and a steam-engine, or between the bulls and bears which first received the name in Law's time and their descendants on the New York Stock Exchange.

If, therefore, Pope gains something in clearness and brilliancy by the comparative simplicity of his art, he loses by the extreme obviousness of its results. We cannot give him credit for being really moved by such platitudes. We have the same feeling as when a modern preacher employs twenty minutes in proving that it is wrong to worship idols of wood and stone. But, unfortunately, there is a reason more peculiar to Pope which damps our sympathy still more decidedly. It cannot be fairly denied that all recent inquiries have gone to strengthen those suspicions of his honesty which were common even amongst his contemporaries. Mr. Elwin has been disgusted by the revelations of his hero's baseness, till his indignation has become a painful

burden to himself and his readers. Speaking bluntly, indeed, we admit that lying is a vice, and that Pope was in a small way one of the most consummate liars that ever lived. He speaks, himself, of "equivocating pretty genteelly" in regard to one of his peccadilloes. But Pope's equivocation is, to the equivocation of ordinary men, what a tropical fern is to the stunted representatives of the same species in England. It grows until the fowls of the air can rest on its branches. His disposition, in short, amounts to a monomania. That a man with intensely irritable nerves, and so fragile in constitution that his life might, without exaggeration, be called a "long disease," should defend himself by the natural weapons of the weak, equivocation and subterfuge, when exposed to the brutal horseplay common in that day, is indeed not surprising. But Pope's delight in artifice was something phenomenal. He could hardly "drink tea without a stratagem," or, as Lady Bolingbroke put it, was a politician about cabbages and turnips; and certainly he did not despise the arts known to politicians on a larger stage. Never, surely, did all the arts of the most skilful diplomacy give rise to a series of intrigues more complex than those which attended the publication of the "P. T. letters." An ordinary man says that he is obliged to publish by request of friends, and we regard the transparent device as, at most, a venial offence. But in Pope's hands this simple trick becomes a complex apparatus of plots within plots, which have only been unravelled by the persevering labours of most industrious literary detectives. The whole story is given for the first time at full length in Mr. Elwin's edition of Pope, and the revelation borders upon the incredible. How Pope became for a time two men; how in one character he worked upon the wretched Curll through mysterious emissaries until the practical bookseller undertook to publish the letters already privately printed by Pope himself; how Pope in his other character protested vehemently against the publication and disavowed all complicity in the preparations; how he set the House of Lords in motion to suppress the edition; and how, meanwhile, he took ingenious precautions to frustrate the interference which he provoked; how in the course of these manœuvres his genteel equivocation swelled into lying on the most stupendous scale—all this story, with its various ins and outs, may

be now read by those who have the patience.

The problem may be suggested to casuists how far the iniquity of a lie should be measured by its immediate purpose, or how far it is aggravated by the enormous mass of superincumbent falsehoods which it inevitably brings in its train. We cannot condemn very seriously the affected coyness which tries to conceal a desire for publication under an apparent yielding to extortion; but we must certainly admit that the stomach of any other human being of whom a record has been preserved would have revolted at the thought of wading through such a waste of mud to secure so paltry an end. Moreover, this is only one instance, and by no means the worst instance, of Pope's regular practice in such matters. Almost every publication of his life was attended with some sort of mystification passing into downright falsehood, and, at times, injurious to the character of his dearest friends. Add to this all the cases in which Pope attacked his enemies under feigned names and then disavowed his attacks; the unfounded suspicions which led him to malign so pure a character as Addison; and, worst of all, the fact—only too probable—of his extorting 1,000*l.* from the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of a satirical passage.

The insincerity which degraded Pope's life detracts from our pleasure in his poetry. Take, for example, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, which is amongst his most perfect works. Some of the boasts in it, as we shall presently remark, are apparently quite justified by the facts. But what are we to say to such a passage as this?—

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Admitting his independence, and not inquiring too closely into his prayers, can we forget that the gentleman who could sleep without a poem in his head called up a servant four times in one night of "the dreadful winter of Forty" to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought? Or what is the value of a professed indifference to Dennis from the man distinguished beyond all other writers for the bitterness of his resentment against all small critics; who disfigured his best poems by his petty vengeance for old attacks; and who could

not refrain from sneering at poor Dennis, even in the Prologue which he condescended to write for the benefit of his dying antagonist?

Thus we are always pursued, in reading Pope, by disagreeable misgivings. We don't know what comes from the heart, and what from the lips; when the real man is speaking, and when we are only listening to old commonplaces skillfully vamped. There is always, if we please, a bad interpretation to be placed upon his finest sentiments. His indignation against the vicious is confused with his hatred of personal enemies; he protests most loudly that he is honest when he is "equivocating most genteelly;" his independence may be called selfishness or avarice; his toleration simple indifference; and even his affection for his friends a decorous picture which will never lead him to the slightest sacrifice of his own vanity or comfort. A critic of the highest order is provided with an Ithuriel spear, which discriminates the sham sentiments from the true. As a banker's clerk can tell a bad coin by its ring on the counter, without need of a testing apparatus, the true critic can instinctively estimate the amount of bullion in Pope's epigrammatic tinsel. But criticism of this kind, as Pope truly says, is as rare as poetical genius. Humbler writers must be content to take their weights and measures, or, in other words, to test their first impressions, by such external evidence as is available. They must proceed cautiously in these delicate matters, and instead of leaping to the truth by a rapid intuition, patiently inquire what light is thrown upon Pope's sincerity by the recorded events of his life, and a careful cross-examination of the various witnesses to his character. They must, indeed, keep in mind Mr. Ruskin's excellent canon,—that good fruit, even in moralizing, can only be borne by a good tree. Where Pope has succeeded in casting into enduring form some valuable moral sentiment, we may therefore give him credit for having at least felt it sincerely. If he did not always act upon it, the weakness is not peculiar to Pope. Time, indeed, has partly done the work for us. In Pope, more than in almost any other writer, the grain has sifted itself from the chaff. The jewels have remained after the flimsy embroidery in which they were fixed has fallen into decay. Such a result was natural from his mode of composition. He caught at some inspiration of the mo-

ment; he cast it roughly into form; brooded over it; retouched it again and again; and when he had brought it to the very highest polish of which his art was capable, placed it in a pigeon-hole to be fitted, when the opportunity offered, into an appropriate corner of his mosaic-work. We can see him at work, for example, in the passage about Addison and the celebrated concluding couplet. The epigrams in which his poetry abounds have obviously been composed in the same fashion; for that "masterpiece of man," as South is made to call it in the *Dunciad*, is only produced in perfection when the labour which would have made an ode has been concentrated upon a couple of lines. There is a celebrated recipe for dressing a lark, if we remember rightly, in which the lark is placed inside a snipe, and the snipe in a woodcock, and so on till you come to a turkey, or if procurable, to an ostrich; then, the mass having been properly stewed, the superincumbent envelopes are all thrown away, and the essences of the whole are supposed to be embodied in the original nucleus. So the perfect epigram, at which Pope is constantly aiming, should be the quintessence of a whole volume of reflection. Such literary cookery implies not only labour, but a certain vividness of thought and feeling. The poet must put his soul into the work as well as his artistic power. Thus, if we may take Pope's most vigorous expressions as an indication of his strongest convictions, and check their conclusions by his personal history and by the general tendency of his writings, we might succeed in putting together something like a satisfactory statement of the moral system which he expressed forcibly because he believed in it sincerely.

Without, however, following the proofs in detail, let us endeavour to give some statement of the result. What, in fact, did Pope learn by his study of man, such as it was? What does he tell us about the character of human beings and their positions in the universe which is either original or marked by the freshness of independent thought? Perhaps the most characteristic vein of reflection is that which is embodied in his greatest work, the *Dunciad*. There, at least, we have Pope speaking energetically and sincerely. He really detests, abjures, and abominates as impious and heretical, the worship of the great goddess Dulness, without a trace of mental reservation. His style bursts its usual fetters.

We have little of that rocking-horse verification which wearies our ears in such a couplet as this, for example:—

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,

where the second line exactly echoes the cadence of the first in tiresome monotony. The *Dunciad* often flows in a continuous stream of eloquence, instead of dribbling out in little jets of epigram. If there are fewer points, there are more frequent gushes of sustained rhetoric. Even when Pope condescends—and he condescends much too often—to pelt his antagonists with mere filth, he does it with a certain boisterous vigour. He laughs out. He catches something from his patron Swift when he

Laughs and shakes in Rabelais's easy chair.

His lungs seem to be fuller and his voice to lose for the time its tricks of mincing affectation. Here, indeed, there can be no question of insincerity. Pope's scorn of folly is to be condemned only so far as it was connected with too bitter a hatred of fools. He has suffered, as Swift foretold, by the insignificance of the enemies against whom he rages with superfluous vehemence. But for Pope, no one in this generation would have heard of Arnall and Moore, and Breval and Bezaleel Morris, and fifty more ephemeral denizens of Grub Street. The fault is, indeed, inherent in the plan. It is in some degree creditable to Pope that his satire was on the whole justified, so far as it could be justified, by the correctness of his judgment. The only great man whom he has seriously assaulted is Bentley; and to Pope, Bentley was of necessity not the greatest of classical critics, but the tasteless mutilator of Milton. The misfortune is that the more just his satire, the more perishable is its interest; and if we regard the *Dunciad* simply as an assault upon the vermin who then infested literature, we must consider him as a man who should use a steam-hammer to crack a flea. Unluckily for ourselves, however, it cannot be admitted so easily that Curll and Dennis and the rest had a merely temporary interest. Regarded as types of literary nuisances—and Pope does not condescend in his poetry, though the want is partly supplied in the notes, to indulge in much personal detail—they may be said by cynics to have a more enduring vitality. Of course there is at the present day no such bookseller as Curll, living by piratical invasions of

established rights, and pandering to the worst passions of ignorant readers; no writer who could be fitly called, like Concanen,

A cold, long-winded native of the deep,

and fitly sentenced to dive where Fleet Ditch

Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames; and most certainly we must deny the present applicability of the note upon "Magazines," compiled by Pope, or rather by Warburton, for the episcopal bludgeon is perceptible in the prose description. They are not at present "the eruption of every miserable scribbler, the scum of every dirty newspaper, or fragments of fragments picked up from every dirty dunghill . . . equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, decency, and common sense." But if the translator of the *Dunciad* into modern phraseology would have some difficulty in finding a head for every cap, there are perhaps some satirical stings which have not quite lost their point. The legitimate drama, so theatrical critics tell us, has not quite shaken off the rivalry of sensational scenery and idiotic burlesque, though possibly we do not produce absurdities equal to that which, as Pope tells us, was actually introduced by Theobald, in which

Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth

Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,

A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

There is still facetiousness which reminds us too forcibly that

Gentle dulness ever loves a joke,

and even sermons, for which we may apologise on the ground that

Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.

Here and there, too, if we may trust certain stern reviewers, there are writers who have learnt the principle that

Index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail.

And the first four lines, at least, of the great prophecy at the conclusion of the third book is thought by the enemies of muscular Christianity to be possibly approaching its fulfilment:

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

Till Thames see Eton's sons forever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lies dissolved in Port!

No! So far as we can see, it is still true that

Born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Men, we know it on high authority, are still mostly fools. If Pope be in error, it is not so much that his adversary is beneath him, but that she is unassailable by wit or poetry. Weapons of the most ethereal temper spend their keenness in vain against the "anarch old" whose power lies in utter insensibility. It is fighting with a mist, and firing cannon-balls into a mudheap. As well rave against the force of gravitation, or complain that our gross bodies must be nourished by solid food. If, however, we should be rather grateful than otherwise to a man who is sanguine enough to believe that satire can be successful against stupidity, and that Grub Street, if it cannot be exterminated, can at least be lashed into humility, we might perhaps complain that Pope has taken rather too limited a view of the subject. Dulness has other avatars besides the literary. In the last and finest book, Pope attempts to complete his plan by exhibiting the influence of dulness upon theology and science. The huge torpedo benumbs every faculty of the human mind, and paralyzes all the Muses, except "mad Mathesis," which, indeed, does not carry on so internecine a war with the general enemy. The design is commendable, and executed, so far as Pope was on a level with his task, with infinite spirit; but, however excellent the poetry, the logic is defective, and the description of the evil inadequate. Pope has but a vague conception of the mode in which dulness might become the leading force in politics, lower religion till it became a mere cloak for selfishness, and make learning nothing but laborious and pedantic trifling. Had his powers been equal to his goodwill, we might have had a satire far more elevated than anything which he has attempted; for a man must be indeed a dull student of history who does not recognize the vast influence of dulness-worship on the whole period which has intervened between Pope and ourselves. Nay, it may be feared that it will be yet some time before education bills and societies for the teaching of women will have begun to dissipate the evil. A modern satirist, were satire still

alive, would find an ample occupation for his talents in a worthy filling out of Pope's incomplete sketch. But though I feel, I must endeavour to resist, the temptation of indicating some of the probable objects of his antipathy.

Pope's gallant assault on the common enemy indicates, meanwhile, his characteristic attitude. Pope is the incarnation of the literary spirit. He is the most complete representative in our language of the intellectual instincts which find their natural expression in pure literature. The complete antithesis to that spirit is the evil principle which Pope attacks as dulness. This false goddess is the literary Ahriman; and Pope's natural antipathies, somewhat exaggerated by his personal passions and weaknesses to extravagant proportions, express themselves fully in his great mock epic. His theory may be expressed in a parody of Nelson's immortal advice to his midshipmen: "Be an honest man and hate dulness as you do the devil." Dulness generates the asphyxiating atmosphere in which no true literature can thrive. It oppresses the lungs and irritates the nerves of men whose keen brilliant intellects mark them as the natural servants of literature. Seen from this point of view, there is an honourable completeness in Pope's career. Possibly a modern subject of literature may, without paradox, express a certain gratitude to Pope for a virtue which he would certainly be glad to imitate. Pope was the first man who made an independence by literature. First and last, he seems to have received over 8,000*l.* for his translation of Homer, a sum then amply sufficient to enable him to live in comfort. No sum at all comparable to this was ever received by a poet or novelist until the era of Scott and Byron. Now, without challenging admiration for Pope on the simple ground that he made his fortune, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this feat at the time. A contemporary who, whatever his faults, was a still more brilliant example than Pope of the purely literary qualities, suggests a curious parallel. Voltaire, as he tells us, was so weary of the humiliations that dishonour letters, that to stay his disgust he resolved to make "what scoundrels call a great fortune." Some of Voltaire's means of reaching this end appear to have been more questionable than Pope's. But both of these men of genius early secured their independence by raising themselves permanently above the need of writing

for money. The use, too, which Pope made of his fortune was thoroughly honourable. We scarcely give due credit, as a rule, to the man who has the rare merit of distinctly recognizing his true vocation in life, and adhering to it with unflinching pertinacity. Probably the fact that such virtue generally brings a sufficient personal reward in this world seems to dispense with the necessity of additional praise. But call it a virtuous or merely a useful quality, we must at least admit that it is the necessary ground-work of a thoroughly satisfactory career. Pope, who, from his infancy had

Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came, gained by his later numbers a secure position, and used his position to go on rhyming to the end of his life. He never failed to do his very best. He regarded the wealth which he had earned as a retaining fee, not as a discharge from his duties. Comparing him with his contemporaries, we see how vast was the advantage. Elevated above Grubstreet, he had no temptation to manufacture rubbish or descend to actual meanness like poor De Foe. Independent of patronage, he was not forced to become a "tame cat" in the house of a duchess, like his friend Gay. Standing apart from politics, he was free from those disappointed pangs which contributed to the embitterment of the later years of Swift, dying "like a poisoned rat in a hole;" he had not, like Bolingbroke, to affect a philosophical contempt for the game in which he could no longer take a part; nor was he even, like Addison and Steele, induced to "give up to party what was meant for mankind." He was not a better man than some of these, and certainly not better than Goldsmith and Johnson in the succeeding generation. Yet, when we think of the amount of good intellect that ran to waste in the purlieus of Grub Street, or in hunting for pensions in ministerial ante-chambers, we feel a certain gratitude to the one literary magnate of the century, whose devotion, it is true, had a very tangible reward, but whose devotion was yet continuous, and free from any distractions but those of a constitutional irritability. Nay, if we compare Pope to some of the later writers who have wrung still princelier rewards from fortune, the result is not unfavourable. If poor Scott had been as true to his calling, his life, so far superior to Pope's in most other respects, would not have presented the melancholy contrast of genius run-

ning to waste in desperate attempts to win money at the cost of worthier fame.

Pope's merit, indeed, has been lowered on a ground which, to our thinking, is in his favour. As a Roman Catholic, and as the adherent of a defeated party, he had put himself out of the race for pecuniary reward. But then Pope's loyal adherence to his friends, though, like all his virtues, subject to some deduction, is really a touching feature in his character. His Catholicism was of the most nominal kind. He adhered in name to a depressed church chiefly because he could not bear to give pain to the parents whom he loved with an exquisite tenderness. Granting that he would not have had much chance of winning tangible rewards by the baseness of a desertion, he at least recognized his true position; and instead of being soured by his exclusion from the general competition, or wasting his life in frivolous regrets, he preserved a spirit of tolerance and independence, and had a full right to the boasts in which he possibly indulged a little too freely:—

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile — be one poet's praise
That, if he pleased, he pleased by many ways;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in prose or verse the same.

Admitting that the last line suggests a slight qualm, the portrait suggested in the rest is about as faithful as one can expect a man to paint from himself.

Is this guardian of virtue quite immaculate, and the morality which he preaches quite of the most elevated kind? We must admit, of course, that he does not sound the depths, or soar to the heights, in which men of loftier genius are at home. He is not a mystic, but a man of the world. He never, as we have already said, quits the sphere of ordinary and rather obvious maxims about the daily life of society, or quits it at his peril. His independence is not like Milton's, that of an ancient prophet, consoling himself by celestial visions for a world given over to baseness and frivolity; nor like Shelley's, that of a vehement revolutionist, who has declared open war against the existing order; it is the independence of a modern gentleman, with a competent fortune, enjoying a time of political and religious calm. And therefore his morality is in the main the expression of the conclusions reached by supreme good sense, or, as he puts it,

Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Good sense is one of the excellent qualities to which we are scarcely inclined to do justice at the present day; it is the guide of a time of equilibrium, stirred by no vehement gales of passions, and we lose sight of it just when it might give us some useful advice. A man in a passion is never more irritated than when advised to be sensible; and at the present day we are permanently in a passion, and therefore apt to assert that, not only a moment, but as a general rule, men do well to be angry. Our art critics, for example, are never satisfied with their frame of mind till they have lashed themselves into a fit of rhetoric. Nothing more is wanted to explain why we are apt to be dissatisfied with Pope, both as a critic and a moralist. In both capacities, however, Pope is really admirable. Nobody, for example has ridiculed more happily the absurdities of which we sometimes take him to be a representative. The recipe for making an epic poem is a perfect burlesque upon the pseudo-classicism of his time. He sees the absurdity of the contemporary statues, whose grotesque medley of ancient and modern costume is recalled in the lines —

That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

The painters and musicians come in for their share of ridicule, as in the description of Timon's Chapel, where

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven;
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La-guerre.

Pope, again, was one of the first, by practice and precept, to break through the old formal school of gardening, in which

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

It would be impossible to hit off more happily the queer formality which annoys us, unless its quaintness makes us smile, in the days of good Queen Anne, when Cato still appeared with a

Long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair.

Pope's literary criticism, too, though verging too often on the common-place, is invariably sound as far as it goes. If,

as was inevitable, he was blind to the merits of earlier schools of poetry, he was yet amongst the first writers who helped to establish the rightful supremacy of Shakespeare. But in what way does Pope apply his good sense to morality? His favourite doctrine about human nature is expressed in the theory of the "ruling passion" which is to be found in all men, and which, once known, enables us to unravel the secret of every character. As he says in the *Essay on Man* —

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Right reason, therefore, is the power which directs passion to the worthiest end; and its highest lesson is to enforce

The truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

The truth, though admirable, may be suspected of commonplace; and Pope does not lay down any propositions unfamiliar to other moralists, nor, it is to be feared, enforce them by preaching of more than usual effectiveness. His denunciations of avarice, of corruption, and of sensuality were probably of little more practical use than his denunciation of dulness. The "men not afraid of God" were hardly likely to be deterred from selling their votes to Walpole by fear of Pope's satire. He might

Goad the prelate slumbering in his stall

sufficiently to produce the episcopal equivalent for bad language; but he would hardly interrupt his slumbers for many moments; and, on the whole, he might congratulate himself, without making many sacrifices in the good cause, on being animated by

The strong antipathy of good to bad.

Without exaggerating its importance, however, we may seek to define the precise point on which Pope's morality differed from that of many other writers who have expressed their general approval of the Ten Commandments. A healthy strain of moral feeling is useful, though we cannot point to the individuals whom it has restrained from picking pockets. The defective side of the morality of good sense is, that it tends to degenerate into cynicism, either of the indolent variety which commended itself to Chesterfield, or of the more vehement sort, of which Swift's writings are the most powerful embodiment. A shrewd man of the world, of placid temperament,

accepts placidly the conclusion that as he can see through a good many people, virtue generally is a humbug. If he has grace enough left to be soured by such a conclusion, he raves at the universal corruption of mankind. Now Pope, notwithstanding his petty spite, and his sympathy with the bitterness of his friends, always shows a deep tenderness of nature which preserves him from sweeping cynicism. He really believes in human nature, and values life for the power of what Johnson calls reciprocation of benevolence. The beauty of his affection for his father and mother, and for his old nurse, breaks pleasantly through the artificial language of his letters, like a sweet spring in barren ground. When he touches upon the subject in his poetry, one seems to see tears in his eyes, and to hear his voice tremble. There is no more beautiful passage in his writings than the one in which he expresses the hope that he may be spared

To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of death;

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Here at least he is sincere beyond suspicion; and we know from unimpeachable testimony that the sentiment so perfectly expressed was equally exemplified in his life. It sounds easy, but unfortunately the ease is not always proved in practice, for men of genius to be throughout their lives an unmixed comfort to their parents. It is unpleasant to remember that a man so accessible to tender emotions should jar upon us by his language about women generally. Byron countersigns the opinion of Bolingbroke that he knew the sex well; but testimony of that kind hardly prepossesses us in his favour. In fact, the school of Bolingbroke and Swift, to say nothing of Wycherley, was hardly calculated to generate a chivalrous tone of feeling. His experience of Lady Mary gave additional bitterness to his sentiments. Pope, in short, did not love good women —

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished as black, brown, or fair,

as he impudently tells a lady — as a man of genius ought; and women have generally returned the dislike. Meanwhile the vein of benevolence shows itself unmistakably in Pope's language about his friends. Thackeray seizes upon this point of his character in his lectures on

the English Humourists, and his powerful, if rather too favourable description, brings out forcibly the essential tenderness of the man, who, during the lucid intervals of his last illness, was "always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends." No English poet has ever paid so many exquisitely turned compliments. Whenever he speaks of a friend he coins a proverb. Swift, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Cobham, Lyttelton, and even Walpole have poetical medals stamped in their honour.

If one could have a wish for the asking, one could scarcely ask for a more agreeable sensation than that of being titillated by a man of equal ingenuity in caressing one's pet vanities. The art of administering such consolation is possessed only by men who unite deep tenderness to an exquisitely delicate intellect. This vein of strong feeling sufficiently redeems Pope's writings from the charge of a commonplace worldliness. Certainly he is not one of the "genial" school, whose indiscriminate benevolence exudes over all that they touch. There is nothing mawkish in his philanthropy. Pope was, if anything, too good a hater; "the portentous cub never forgives," said Bentley; but kindness is all the more impressive when not too widely diffused. Add to this his hearty contempt for pomposities, humbugs, and stupidities of all kinds, and above all the fine spirit of independence, in which we have again the real man, and which expresses itself in such lines as these:

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do);
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends and read what books I please.

And we may admit that Pope, in spite of his wig and his stays, his vanities and his affectations, was in his way as fair an embodiment as we would expect of that "plain living and high thinking" of which Wordsworth regretted the disappearance. The little cripple, diseased in mind and body, spiteful and occasionally brutal, had in him the spirit of a man. The monarch of the literary world was far indeed from immaculate; but he was not without a dignity of his own.

We come, however, to the great question, What had Pope to say upon the deepest subjects with which human beings can concern themselves? The answer must be taken from the *Essay on Man*, and the *Essay* must be acknowl-

edged to have more conspicuous faults than any of Pope's writings. The art of reasoning in verse is so difficult that we may doubt whether it is in any case legitimate, and must acknowledge that it has been never successfully practised by any English writer. Dryden's *Religio Laici* may be better reasoning, but it is worse poetry than Pope's Essay. It is true, again, that Pope's reasoning is intrinsically feeble. He was no metaphysician, and confined himself to putting together incoherent scraps of different systems. Some of his arguments strike us as simply childish, as, for example, the quibble derived from the Stoics, that

The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.

Nobody, we may safely say, was ever much comforted by that reflection. Nor, though the celebrated argument about the scale of beings, which Pope but half understood, was once sanctioned by eminent names, do we derive any deep consolation from the argument that

in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as man.

To say no more of these frigid conceits, as they now appear to us, Pope does not maintain the serious temper which befits a man pondering upon the deep mysteries of the universe. Religious meditation does not harmonize with epigrammatical satire. Admitting the value of the reflection that other beings besides man are fitting objects of the Divine benevolence, we are jarred by such a discord as this :

While man exclaims, See all things for my use !
See man for mine ! replies a pampered goose.

The Goose is appropriate enough in Charron or Montaigne, but should be kept out of poetry. Such a shock, too, follows when Pope talks about the superior beings who

Showed a Newton as we show an ape.

Did anybody again ever complain that he wanted "the strength of bulls, the fur of bears" ? Or could it be worth while to meet his complaints in a serious poem ? Pope, in short, is not merely a bad reasoner, but he wants that deep moral earnestness which gives a profound interest to Johnson's satires—the best productions of his school—and the deeply pathetic religious feeling of Cowper.

Admitting all this, however, and more, the *Essay on Man* still contains many passages which not only testify to the unequalled skill of this great artist in

words, but which breathe a truly noble spirit. In the Essay, more than in any of his other writings, we have the difficulty of separating the solid bullion from the dross. Pope is here pre-eminently parasitical, and it is possible to trace to other writers, such as Montaigne, Pascal, Leibnitz, Shaftesbury, Locke, and Wollaston, as well as to the inspiration of Bolingbroke, nearly every argument which he employs. He unfortunately worked up the rubbish as well as the gems. When, therefore, Mr. Ruskin says that his "theology was two centuries in advance of his time," the phrase requires qualification. He was not really in advance of the best men of his own time ; but they, it is to be feared, were considerably in advance of the average opinion of our own. What may be said with more plausibility is, that whilst Pope frequently wastes his skill in gilding refuse, he is really most sensitive to the noblest sentiments of his contemporaries, and that, when he has good materials to work upon, his verse glows with unusual fervour, often to sink with unpleasant rapidity into mere quibbling or epigrammatic pun-gency. The main doctrine which he enforces is, of course, one of his usual commonplaces. The statement that "whatever is, is right," may be verbally admitted, and strained to different purposes by half a dozen differing schools. It may be alleged by the cynic, who regards virtue as an empty name ; by the mystic, who is lapped in heavenly contemplation from the cares of this troublesome world ; by the sceptic, whose whole wisdom is concentrated in the duty of submitting to the inevitable ; or by the man of reasonable piety, who, abandoning the attempt of solving inscrutable enigmas, is content to recognize in every thing the hand of a Divine ordainer of all things. Pope, judging him by his most forcible passages, prefers to insist upon the inevitable ignorance of man in presence of the Infinite.

'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole ;

and any effort to pierce the impenetrable gloom can only end in disappointment and discontent.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies.

We think that we can judge the ways of the Almighty, and correct the errors of his work. We are as incapable of accounting for human wickedness as for the plague, tempest, and earthquake. In each case our highest wisdom is an hum-

ble confession of ignorance; or, as he puts it,

In both, to reason right is to submit.

This vein of thought might, perhaps, have conducted him to the scepticism of his master, Bolingbroke. He unluckily fills up the gaps of his logical edifice with the untempered mortar of obsolete metaphysics, long since become utterly uninteresting to all men. Admitting that he cannot explain, he tries to manufacture sham explanations out of the "scale of beings," and other scholastic rubbish. But, in a sense, too, the most reverent minds will agree most fully with Pope's avowal of the limitation of human knowledge. He does not apply his scepticism or his humility to stimulate to vain repining against the fetters with which our minds are bound, or to angry denunciation, like that of Bolingbroke, of the solutions in which other souls have found a sufficient refuge. The perplexity in which he finds himself generates a spirit of resignation and tolerance.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

That is the pith of his teaching. All optimism is apt to be a little irritating to men whose sympathies with human suffering are unusually strong: and the optimism of a man like Pope, vivacious rather than profound in his thoughts and his sympathies, annoys us at times by its calm complacency. We cannot thrust aside so easily the thought of the heavy evils under which all creation groans. But we should wrong him by a failure to recognize the real benevolence of his sentiment. Perhaps he becomes too pantheistic for some tastes in the celebrated fragment — the whole poem is a conglomerate of slightly connected fragments — beginning,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

But when we are outside the schools, we may admit that pantheism has its noble side, and that a disposition to recognize the Divine element in all nature is not a religious sentiment to be too severely condemned. Pope shows that disposition, not merely in set phrases, but in the general colouring of the poem. The tenderness, for example, with which he always speaks of the brute creation is pleasant in a writer so little distinguished as a rule by an interest in what we pop-

ularly call nature. The "scale of being" argument may be illogical, but we pardon it when it is applied to strengthen our sympathies with our unfortunate dependents on the lower step of the ladder. The lamb who

Licks the hand just raised to shed his blood
is a second-hand lamb, and has, like so much of Pope's writing, acquired a certain tinge of banality, which must limit quotation; and the same must be said of the poor Indian, who

Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog will bear him company.

But the sentiment is as right as the language (in spite of its familiarity we can still recognize the fact) is exquisite. Tolerance of all forms of faith, from that of the poor Indian upwards, is so characteristic of Pope as to have offended some modern critics who might have known better. We may pick holes in the celebrated antithesis

For forms of government let fools contest:
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Certainly, they are not mathematically accurate formulæ; but they are generous, if imperfect statements of great truths, and not unbecoming in the mouth of the man who, as the member of an unpopular sect, learnt to be cosmopolitan rather than bitter, and expressed his convictions in the well-known words addressed to Swift: "I am of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenson in heaven." Who would wish to shorten the list? And the scheme of morality which Pope deduced for practical guidance in life is in harmony with the spirit which breathes in those words just quoted. A recent dispute in a court of justice shows that even our most cultivated men have forgotten Pope so far as to be ignorant of the source of the familiar words

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

It is therefore necessary to say explicitly that the poem where they occur, the fourth epistle of the *Essay on Man*, not only contains half-a-dozen other phrases equally familiar — e.g., "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" "Looks

through nature up to nature's God ;" "From grave to gay, from lively to severe"—but breathes throughout sentiments which it would be credulous to believe that any man could express so vigorously without feeling profoundly. Mr. Ruskin has quoted one couplet as giving "the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words"—

Never elated, while one man's oppressed ;
Never dejected, whilst another's blessed.

The passage in which they occur is worthy of this golden sentiment ; and leads not unfitly to the conclusion and summary of the whole, that he who can recognize the beauty of virtue knows that

Where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end—in love of God and love of man.

I know but too well all that may be said against this view of Pope's morality. He is, as Ste.-Beuve says, the easiest of all men to caricature ; and it is equally easy to throw cold water upon his morality. We may count up his affectations, ridicule his platitudes, make heavy deductions for his insincerity, denounce his too frequent indulgence in a certain love of dirt, which he shares with, and in which he is distanced by, Swift ; and decline to believe in the virtue, or even in the love of virtue, of a man stained by so many vices and weaknesses. Yet I must decline to believe that men can gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles, or noble expressions of moral truth from a corrupt heart thinly varnished by a coating of affectation. Turn it how we may, the thing is impossible. Pope was more than a mere literary artist, though he was an artist of unparalleled excellence in his own department. He was a man in whom there was the seed of many good thoughts, though choked in their development by the growth of innumerable weeds. And I will venture, in conclusion, to adduce one more proof of the justice of a lenient verdict. I have had already to quote many phrases familiar to every one who is nurtured in the slightest degree with a knowledge of English literature ; and yet have been haunted by a dim suspicion that some of my readers may have been surprised to recognize their author. Pope, we have seen, is recognized even by judges of the land only through the medium of Byron ; and therefore the *Universal Prayer* may possibly be unfamiliar to some readers. If so, it will do them no harm to read over

again a few of its verses. Perhaps, after that experience, they will admit that the little cripple of Twickenham, distorted as were his instincts after he had been stretched on the rack of this rough world, and grievous as were his offences against the laws of decency and morality, had yet in him a noble strain of eloquence significant of deep religious sentiment.

From Saint Pauls.

BROTHERS AND LOVERS.

I.

VERY comfortable and good-natured and happy looked Madame Ninon, smiling complacently behind her high desk in the *café* of which she was so popular a mistress. For Ninon had a word—rarely an unkind, and never an unfair word—for every one, friend or stranger. She looked altogether as if she liked her work, and liked it better the more plentiful it was. And she had little to complain of on that score, this afternoon of early October, 1870. For not only is "Belle Chance" a *chef-lieu* de Canton, not only does it lie conveniently near the great *Route Impériale*, running from Paris to the fair city of St. Arzneau. Standing well—but not too far—in advance of the wide-spreading forest of Orleans, it formed an invaluable out-post for the army now preparing, with its back thrown against the dense woods, to strike one more blow for France. So Ninon, in her few spare moments, had a busy scene to look at through the broad window by her side. The *café*, as became the *Café de la République*—lately, very lately, the *Café de l'Empire*—formed one end of the long market-place, rising in brave architectural rivalry with the squat old church opposite. But the church was even less thought of than usual to-day, for a regiment of Chasseurs were encamped in front of it, while nearer a body of Zouaves had pitched their dirty little *tentes d'abri*.

So the *place* was lively enough. The horses snorted and plunged, barking the tender trees to which they had been ruthlessly tethered ; the blue-jacket Chasseurs and the Zouaves, in their white fatigue overhauls, burnished *chassepots* or cooked strange messes over smoky camp fires ; the girls, the loungers, and the *gamins* of the district flitted about, laughing and joking, regardless of the feeble frowns of their elders sitting at

the shop-doors. Ninon, albeit an observant and gossip-loving old lady, found little time to enjoy this scene; but there came a momentary lull in business, so when Baptiste finished his billiards and came to his wife's side, he found her, pen in hand, peering over her spectacles at the animated picture. Following her eyes, he saw that they were fixed on one group of which the central figure was a young woman. Not by any means surpassingly lovely, she was pretty for a French country girl. Her features were neither regular nor particularly attractive when taken singly; but her rich swarthy complexion and dark twinkling eyes gave an irresistible charm to a face that would have been utterly common-place in pink-and-white. Her head was small, and crowned with massive rolls of glorious hair, possessed of a delicious defiance of bonds and wayward wandering down the neck. If faults could be picked with her face, none could be found with her figure. She was gifted with that perfect development of body and limb which a southern clime bestows at so early an age. She had the merriest little heart and the loveliest little wit that ever French woman could boast of; and they received admirable justice from her ringing laugh and silvery voice. Such was Margot outwardly, as her companions on the *place*—a couple of soldiers, a *garde mobile*, and a morose-looking fellow in a blouse—or any stranger saw; but it will require those who know her best to tell her character, and who should be more able so to do than her old god-mother Ninon, who has tenderly watched her every step since her own mother died so many a year ago?

"Who are those strangers Margot is talking to, Baptiste, I wonder?" remarked the old lady, when she observed her husband by her side. "She must be saying something very clever, or they must be very dull of understanding, to judge by the way she is going on. Witty, too—but she is always that—for not only is Jacques laughing, which is no miracle, but even Pierre has got a smile on his sulky face."

"Not so sulky as you imagine, wife, I fancy. He thinks a good deal—and badly do we want thinkers now-a-days. He won't be found wanting when the day comes. Worth twenty of his capering brother, he is. Those other two are some fellows Jacques has met drinking. They belong to the line, don't they?" asked Baptiste, fumbling in his pockets for his *pince-nez*. "Green epaulettes?"

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Ah! They're foreign legion men, then—Englishmen or Yankees, or some other foreigners. Don't know any French, I daresay, so Margot is having her fun out of them."

"She likes her joke—and all the better for that. There can be no muddy bottom when the water bubbles and sparkles so. She will make a good mate for some one."

"True, wife. Well, well, if I were only a younger man!"

"Baptiste! For shame!" exclaimed the old lady, raising her pen menacingly, while her bright eye twinkled responsive to her husband's rather dim one. "But here comes Pierre: he has had enough of their fooling."

Pierre entered, and bowed respectfully to the host and hostess. He was a tall, well-made fellow, with closely-cropped hair and a heavy black moustache, which concealed the worst element—and it was a bad element in his face—the mouth. His eyes alone belied the expression of the other features. Not that they were good eyes, or merry eyes, or loving eyes, but there was a strange, unexpected, straightforward look in them. Omit them, and you would at once put him down as a thorough scoundrel. Yet Pierre could meet any one with unflinching gaze,—like the good old curé, who shook his head at him pitifully; and boisterous Marguerite, who cut her jokes at him mercilessly. Baptiste was presumably right in believing he thought much; for he certainly talked very little, though what he did say was generally pungent and to the point.

"Good morning, Pierre," said Baptiste. "Your foreign friends seem to have succeeded in knocking a little of their mirth into you."

"Let them laugh. It is the fashion to laugh now-a-days, both sides of the face, turn about. We laugh too much on the right side, just now, not to laugh on the wrong shortly."

"Why not be merry, Pierre? They will fight all the better for it, poor fellows," said Ninon, sympathetic as usual.

"But who are these two?"

"Englishmen. Jacques picked them up somewhere. As one can speak French only a little, the other not at all, they come handy for cutting jokes at. And better so—the wit is so poor, the understanding it would spoil it."

"Bitter as usual, Pierre. Why mayn't the young folks have their bit of fun? Margot would never insult strangers

come to fight for our poor country. She's a good girl."

"Long may she be so."

"Shame, Pierre. You know Margot would wrong no one. You ought to be the last to run her down if, as every one expects, she will soon be one of you."

"What do you mean?" asked Pierre, with a quick, inquisitive, doubtful glance at the old woman.

"Why, they say she favours Jacques more than any other of her suitors. I am not altogether pleased. Jacques is a charming fellow, but rather flighty for her. If she has a fault, it is want of ballast. I had hoped, now, she might have taken to you."

"Or rather that Pierre had taken to her; she would have returned it fast enough. She has wit to know who will be the great man of the two," interposed Baptiste, emphasizing this covert testimony to his own foresight by carefully poisoning his *pince-nez* on the top of his rubicund nose.

"Me? What should I do with such a Will-o'-the-wisp?" exclaimed the young man, with a harsh, contemptuous laugh. "She is a heartless flirt, nothing more or less. I am immensely glad Jacques has to go away like the rest. If she won't have him, better give him a chance of forgetting her; if she says she will — why better he should die than have to bear her treatment."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Ninon; "if any man but you spoke so, I should be angry. Margot is a merry, lively girl, and why not, pray? Must every one be as dull as you? But she is good as well, and will make an honest, loving wife to any man she chooses. And I'll trust her choice, even should it be Jacques."

"And why should you frighten people by talking about dying? Young fellows' hearts don't break so badly. The next maid's kiss is a cement that will soon mend them. Let me see, how often was I jilted before —"

"Baptiste! you are incorrigible. Go and have a game with Pierre, you must not interfere with customers, and here are the two Englishmen coming."

The husband, drilled by long training to obey commands even less congenial, walked off to the billiard table where Pierre was twirling the balls in wondrous fashion with a careless but practiced hand, and thinking — as his manner was — not aloud, but in a murmur. Had his host understood these muttered objurgations he would have rejoiced at Pierre's

not understanding the remarks of the two foreigners at the next table. So full were they of their pretty subject that they even forgot to lament the absence of pockets or abuse the execrable cushions. Tom Courtenay, whose features were too well known in Oxford to make his quarters there comfortable, and Pat Nolan, to whom Dublin entertained a like aversion, were most exuberant in their praises of the lively Frenchwoman. Words failed even the eloquent Pat when attempting to describe the beauties of his charmer, and he concluded with a sighing anticlimax, —

"How *purty* she talks too!"

"Talks!" laughed Tom; "why you did not understand a word."

"There's the beauty of it. It took ten times longer to make me understand what she meant than to make you understand what she said, so I had ten times longer to look in her *swate* face."

"You designing scoundrel, that is always your cue; — to set yourself up as a miserable exile, with a patrimony of wants and an utter inability to tell them."

"And why not, Mr. Courtenay? Make the women pity you first; they will never really love where they cannot pity. Anything will do — toothache, being plucked, *n'importe*."

"Save your French for Marguerite, Pat; drink to her only with thine eyes."

"And mouth," replied Pat, as they toasted Margot in vermouth.

II.

PIERRE, remaining only to finish his game, left the café and trudged homewards. *Trudge* is the only word to express his walk, — his step was heavy and slow, his head was downcast, his hands were thrust deep in his pocket, yet there was nothing of the slouch about his gait. He was still engaged in that thinking which had so exercised Baptiste during their game, and enabled him easily to beat the best player in the village. And of what was Pierre thinking? Not of politics, not of philosophy, not of military manœuvres — he was no embryo Napoleon, no budding Gambetta. No, he was but a country serf, with no very bright intellect for all his bitterness, with narrow views and strong feelings. He thought, as he had thought for many a long day, of Marguerite, and of Marguerite alone. There was very bitter reality underlying his words to Ninon. Dying was to him a little matter when put beside Margot's love. He

would have died cheerfully merely to hear her say she loved him; he would kill himself should she say so and then deceive him. And he did think her a heartless coquette, but most unfairly. For he had never betrayed by word, look, or action the love he bore her. It was so great he seemed to think its very greatness ought to wield some sort of mesmerism influence over her; he condemned her because she saw not instinctively the passion he so strenuously concealed. She shunned him, because his pent-up feelings were masked behind taciturnity verging often on rudeness; he denounced her, but he did not know her; he loved her, but credited her with an indifference he had never striven to soften. Yet with what inconsequence did he long for this little flirt to be his, ignoring or careless of the misery she would bring him! For he was a strange mixture of passion and self-sacrifice. He wished Jacques gone because there would be one rival less in the field, but just as honestly that he might be out of the way of this heartless woman. He felt certain she would bring himself misery and ruin, yet would dare all for one approving smile of hers.

So thinking, he trudged down the long straggling street that led from the *place*, between broad fields of stunted vine poles, then sharp to the left through a winding lane, high banked on either side, leading to the lovely wooded park of the lord of the manor. The turreted gables of his antique *château* could be discerned peeping through the distant foliage of the forest which gradually melted away into the flat uninteresting grape country. The belt formed by the mingling of the two, gently undulating, studded with noble trees and luxuriant with brushwood, was a natural park of great extent and beauty, intersected with numberless secluded and enticing paths. Marguerite's father was gatekeeper at the big house, and his rustic lodge nestled at the farther end of the lane in which Pierre was now. But Pierre did not seek the lodge. If the park were marred, it was by the interference of a considerable farm which jutted in at the corner nearest to the town of Belle Chance. This farm was now occupied by the father of Pierre and Jacques, having been held by their ancestors from time immemorial. Their yeoman blood was older and purer than the courtly lineage of the present lords of the soil. So no wonder that the family of Léon was respected, and one of the

sons considered a good match even for such a popular favourite as pretty Margot. The farm-house lay but a short distance back from the lane, the approach beginning within a stone's throw of Marguerite's cottage. This proximity had thrown the young people together from childhood, so that there had ever been some foundation for the neighbourly gossip of the good folk of Belle Chance, which Ninon had that day so positively announced to Pierre.

Pierre was on the point of turning up to the farm, when a rustle among the early-fallen leaves in the ditch suggested a rat, and rat-hunting not even the solemn Pierre could resist. So he cheviéd his prey down the lane, through the big gates, across the avenue, into a footpath cut through a thick copse. Not the craftiest fox in all Warwickshire could have devised a more cunning escape. For the hunter suddenly stopped and remained motionless, while the rat turning calmly laughed at him from a hollow stump.

But Pierre did not laugh. Away down the lane he saw a figure which, even without the mobile's uniform he would have recognized as that of his brother Jacques. By his side walked she whose form, whose every lineament and movement, he knew so well,—he would have recognized her in the far distance, in the dim twilight, among countless thousands,—one fluttering inch of her dress, one flying ribbon in her hair, would have been enough for him,—the trip of her foot, the faint echo of her voice, the light glancing from her rippling hair, the touch of her unseen finger would have assured him of her presence. And not only did Margot walk by Jacques's side, she clung fondly to his arm, and the face was turned up lovingly to his. But Pierre was not near enough to note that it was a sorrowful and earnest face, that the eyes were dim and tearful, that the voice was low and broken. He might have changed his mind had he seen this,—perhaps for the better, probably for the worse. He might have thought her nobler, more true, more capable of love; he might only have believed her more thoughtless, more cruel, more deceitful. But the distant glimpse was enough, too much, for him. He saw them enter a little by-path, saw Margot jump from the stile into Jacques's arms, saw him hold her in them a long moment, saw—Then he turned with a tear, hard struggled against, in his eye, and "Poor fool!" on his quivering lips.

III.

JACQUES himself came to awaken Pierre, wearied with over-much thought and over-deep sorrow. Afternoon had passed away, and the sun was sinking behind the low trees of the orchard. The air had become chill with the chillness of an autumn evening, and Pierre shivered as he stretched his limbs and prepared to go to supper.

"Stay a little, brother," said Jacques, whose voice wavered, and whose eye was dim, "I want to have a talk with you; it is the last night, you know."

"Ay, that it is, lad, but it is cold out here; we shall have plenty of time to-night over the fire."

"Perhaps not; all the neighbours will be in to say good-bye, and father and mother won't go to bed until they see me there, and I shall have bustle enough to get away at five to-morrow morning; walk about a little and talk now." He did not mention that some one else was to brave the evening chill and her old father's watchfulness to meet him after supper.

"As you like, lad; there is not much to say, though. I know you'll be brave and honourable and do your duty for all our sakes, if for nothing else. I hope it won't be long before we see you back, perhaps an officer with the Legion of Honour. I wish I were in your place; if it were not for the old folks, I should soon be in the thick of it," and he spoke more honestly than many of his countrymen who talked more bravely.

"I know you would, if you feel as I do. If it was not for looking forward to the excitement of fighting, going away would hurt me far more than it does now. But I have a secret to tell you and a favour to ask you; it is not much, and I know you are ready enough always to do anything for me."

"That I am, lad," exclaimed Pierre more heartily than was his wont; and he spoke truly. If ever one brother loved another, Pierre loved Jacques. Many a time as a boy had he taken the blame of Jacques's madcap tricks upon himself, — from many a scrape as they grew up had he extricated him. The roll of this brother's kind deeds was a long one, while Jacques was as grateful as light-hearted, careless natures can be, and quite as unscrupulous about exacting new proofs of friendship. Had he known to what a test he was about to put that love, he might have shrunk from his purpose; but he had been blinded as effectually as Mar-

got and Ninon and every one else, so he did not hesitate.

"I have such a glorious secret to tell you: I am so happy—if I had not to leave it all. But it will be right enough when I come back. I am to be married when I come back, Pierre."

Pierre staggered, and could only mutter —

"To, to —"

"To Marguerite, brother; do you not deem me happy?"

"God help you, Jacques," groaned Pierre, as he wrung his brother's hand, and turned away his head.

"Why, what do you mean? You are a miserable enough comforter; I am sure you can find no fault with Margot, you won't show me a better or a finer girl in the Loiret, or out of it for that matter."

Pierre did not speak. Words had come too thick and fast for him to speak at first, and a moment's thought had turned the stream back. Why should he make the poor boy more miserable on the eve of his departure? — it was settled between them to his satisfaction, and that would send him away with a lighter spirit; he might be killed like many another as young, and that would make him meet death with a firmer soul; his love might melt away, after the first flush of it was over, in the excitement of the war; at the very least he would come back with more sense and experience of how these things happen in the wide, cold world, with a heart harder and braver under disappointment. Nothing selfish entered into his calculations, though there was the instinctive feeling—as such unworthiness of formal recognition—that it would neither change Marguerite's nature nor better his own prospects to try to poison his brother's mind against his sweetheart. This and much more passed through Pierre's mind, but Jacques was waiting for his answer.

"She couldn't find a better than you in the Loiret, or out of it, lad, that I can truly say; for no man or woman can know you better than I do. I only hope you may both be happy."

"You don't seem quite to like it; I expected you to be nearly as glad as myself. What is wrong, brother? You can think no ill of her?"

"No, no, lad. I do not think she is quite the girl for you, but I may be amiss, as I often am. I have got so fond of looking over walls to see what lies on the other side, that I find myself prying over walls that exist only in my own

imagination. It is wrong, I know; we have real troubles enough in this world to make us turn out of doors those of our own making—and a good many of other people's making too, if we be wise enough and brave enough. I can honestly wish you joy, and Marguerite too; if I don't appear to be very hopeful about it, put that down to the bad squint my mind's eye seems to have got."

"You'll not speak so when you know her better. But now that I have told you my secret I must ask my favour. I want you to look after my little Margot when I am gone."

"Look after her! Why, do you mistrust her already?"

"Mistrust her? No. But I think it is a shame to leave a woman lonely and unprotected. I want you to cheer her up and talk to her about me. Then the Prussians might come here, there may be fighting—a woman is none the worse for having a strong man she can trust near her at such a time. Besides, she may be true as steel, but that will not prevent men annoying her—especially those foreigners, who are here to-day and away to-morrow, often causing pain enough to the hearts they cannot break. If she tells you any man persecutes her, give him a hint, as I should do. I want to know she has some one to look up to and trust in. You won't refuse me such a trifle as that?"

For Pierre it was a very bitter and stern moment. The task seemed to him a much harder one than his brother imagined. He did not anticipate that Marguerite would require much cheering up—the absence of one lover would not deeply affect her who had a hundred, and who estimated them all at the same low worth. But he foresaw more thankless work in guarding her from impetuous admirers. She would flirt and encourage them—why should he warn them off, merely to postpone the day of Jacques's disappointment? The task once undertaken, he would perform fully; and why should he render himself still further displeasing in Margot's eyes, by setting himself up as a monitor, by driving away her lovers, by curtailing her amusements, by continually whispering in her ear "Jacques, Jacques; remember Jacques." Not only was he prevented from urging his own suit—he was too honest to try to win her from his brother whilst they were betrothed—but was asked to watch the safety of another's, to drown his own love that he might advantage another's,

to make himself hateful that another might be idolized. It was a very bitter step to take this heart-sacrifice, but Pierre was one of those men who take a fierce pride in such self-torture. He had in him much of the red Indian or the Hindoo fakir; he never took up a line of action but he went through with it to its logical termination, however terrible, however crude, however unreasonable it might be. So he crushed down all his own feelings—his weaknesses, he thought, his love, his tenderness, his compassion, with one very strong and harsh and uncompromising resolve as he turned to his brother and again took his hand.

"Yes, Jacques, I promise you. You may safely trust her to me. If you lose her while she is under my care, you will never see me again in this life. You know what my promise means?"

"That I do, Pierre: and you imagine not how happy you have made me in giving me it. I shall march off twice as gaily to-morrow."

The brothers took a quiet walk up and down the orchard, neither speaking. Then Jacques turned, as if to go; but Pierre stopped him, asking, with all his usual composure:—

"Why do you call this a secret, lad? Why not tell the old folk and Margot's father before you go? They will be only too glad, and it will make you easier as well."

"We thought of that, but both Margot and I feel it best to keep it quiet until I come back. I hardly know all the reasons we had. Something instinctive, I suppose, made us both decide it was the proper thing. Old Madame Ninon alone will know."

"It does not matter much; you may trust me," was all the elder brother said; but he was more convinced than ever of the girl's duplicity. "She can throw him over without every one casting it in her teeth," he thought.

Ah, poor Marguerite! Are you malignant, or are you so very wicked? You don't look like "throwing him over," as you lie there now in his arms, sobbing as if your little heart were already broken, bidding a last adieu to your soldier boy, with the bright stars and weather-beaten old trees for witnesses of your oft-repeated vows.

IV.

So Jacques went away south, with some scores of other young mobiles. There were many tears and many fare-

wells at the farm house in the early morning. The old father and mother broke down completely. Margot, who came running for a last good-bye, kept up wonderfully, at which her sweetheart, the witness of her grief the night before, when he urged her to be brave, was delighted. Pierre put her conduct down as utterly unfeeling. But he did not see her sitting all alone in her little orchard while he walked with his brother to the station, where there was more crying and lamenting from crowds of relatives, with wishes of "*bon succès*," and appeals to be brave from enthusiastic—if non-combatant—fellow-citizens.

It was quite *à-la-mode* that the train and its freight should be some hours before getting into trim for starting; so midday had passed ere Pierre, having wrung his brother's hand for the last time, returned with the crowd to the town. This influx of people from the station detached a very considerable contingent to the support of the *Café de la République*; and thus, though the young farmer's long legs had given him a good start, he was speedily relieved from an embarrassing position. For Pierre had found the great room occupied by two women alone. Baptiste had gone with the world to see the departure, leaving Ninon to wait upon any stray customers. She did not find a great deal to do; and it was well, for Marguerite came to pour forth her tale in the ears of the kind old godmother. There she looked for sympathy and comfort and strength; there she found it. Ninon, with womanly tact, soothed Margot by glorifying her betrothed; and raised her spirits by urging her to be worthy of him. She so coaxed and caressed and kissed the little girl—she was but a little, ignorant, simple-hearted girl after all—that tears almost gave place to smiles, and sobs sounded like laughter; while the buoyant young heart strove to rise over "the surf of the present," and dwell only on the deep, radiant calm of the future.

This transformation was in one way unfortunate, for Pierre entering just as it had been completed, found Marguerite in spirits more cheerful than he thought suitable to the occasion. He was a strong-feeling, rough-mannered, demonstrative fellow himself: there could have been no mistaking the presence of a great sorrow in his heart; his face, his manner, would speak more eloquently and truthfully than any words his lips might utter. Unpractised in concealing

emotion, he could not detect hidden emotion in others. He was too unobservant of the niceties of look-language, too ignorant of the very signs and symbols of feeling's intricate calculus, to find in every tell-tale feature of Margot's sure and trusty witnesses to a mourning love.

What to him were the tear-dimmed eye, the yet tear-stained cheek, the quivering hard-bitten lip, the quickly-averted head, that almost any dullard might have seen tossed a big pearly drop from the ends of the long dark lashes, the unsteady voice, the trembling hand, the uncertain step, the unwonted indecisiveness in action, and unrest when quiet? What to him were all these tokens of a great throbbing heart within, swelling up so big, raising tumultuously the broad bosom, choking in the faultless dusky throat, all for love of a far-away soldier boy? He saw only the fictitious cheerfulness that Ninon's condolence and advice called into being; he saw only the false and miserable attempt at mirth that could have deceived no eyes but his own.

The old grandmother, knowing well that nothing distracts from grief like work, made Marguerite help her this busy afternoon. And the little girl struggled hard and bravely. She compelled her legs to trip with something of their wonted nimbleness up and down the little winding stair, her hands to show somewhat of their usual deftness in the fingering of *carafons*; she attempted to dress her face in its old arch smile; she forced her lips to pay back the raillery of the customers—poor enough coin it mostly was—with her quondam sparkling wit; she tried to smile, nay, burst out once into a ringing laugh—whose heartiness no one might question—at some absurdity of Pat Nolan's. Such an effort—when the sorrow is not a heart-breaking one, when the soul is not utterly darkened, without one glimmer of hope—must succeed more or less; and all the more in a healthy, sturdy mind like Marguerite's. Ere it was time to run home, her cheerfulness had much more of reality about it; she had worked herself out of one tiredness into another—out of the lassitude born of grief, into the weariness begotten of many steps; she scarcely remembered the one consolation that had buoyed her up at first, the thought of mounting to her own little garret to have such a good cry over the likeness and other little relics of her absent Jacques. But it came back again as she stepped out of the glitter, and

warmth, and hum of the great café into the crisp evening air to walk home with Pierre. For Pierre had waited on, moodily in a corner, with dog-like devotion, until Marguerite pleased to leave. Not that there was anything strange in that. Many a time had he thus waited patiently—neglecting the farm for drink, neighbours said—hour after hour, too often to find that she had promised, or was determined, to accept the escort of a more lively cavalier. But she never guessed that he waited for her, and he was but a gloomy companion, so wherein was she to blame? To-night, however, there was no chance of such a *contre-temps*. Margot would not have flirted to-day, or before Ninon and Pierre, had she felt so inclined, but she had no such desire. Her old favourite occupation had lost all charms for her. Who should, who could take her home but Pierre? Was he not to fill Jacques's place—at least as far as protecting, looking after, comforting Jacques's little betrothed went? Had her lover not entrusted her to his brother, as who should leave his glove under guard of a big, faithful, ignorant mastiff? And was not the brother there, keeping his watchful eye on his charge, ready to show his teeth to all intruders? "Of course I can have no one but Pierre," thought Marguerite, as she peremptorily refused Courtenay's company, and tucked her hand under the guardian mastiff's big paw. The mastiff was not in the best of humours; he was distinctly disagreeable—disagreeable even for him. Bad as he thought the girl before, he had not calculated on such indecent mirth, on such instantaneous forgetfulness of a lover, on such shallowness of feeling, such coldness, deadness of heart. More than once did he ask himself, "Is it worth while trying to keep her for Jacques? would it not be brotherly kindness to try rather to drive her further from him?" But he was afraid—he need not have been, no one guessed his sentiments—of being accused of selfishness; and his loyalty to his brother was strong.

Jacques surely would never think it for his good; why should Pierre break his pledged word, incur a brother's anger, through trying to hasten what was coming surely, quickly enough of its own accord? So Pierre stuck to his task, waited for the heartless coquette, and marched her off home. "If she has one spark of affection, not to say love," he mused, "she will be sure to talk of him on the

way, to induce me to praise him, to let me comfort her."

Yes, Pierre, had it only been a light affection, a passing fancy that possessed that girlish heart; had it not been a love too deep for even you to fathom in another; had her grief not been of that silence-compelling, sympathy-despising kind which you deem her incapable of feeling. Catch but a glimpse of the truth, allow yourself for one moment to be undeceived, then will you understand what is meant by that listless talk of crops, and neighbours, and nothing; by that resolute avoidance of the one all-engrossing subject, by that stern hurling back from the lips of what fills the too-full heart. When your own love is greatest, your own anguish bitterest, do you talk to your casual companion, do you talk to your brother of it all? If you speak, is it not of politics, of hunting, of work, of play, of any thing rather than of Margot? Yes, but Pierre thinks no one feels as he does, least of all the hard, cruel little serpent who bids him adieu by the gate, with a tearless face and steady voice, going away up into her little room, to sink on the hard boarded floor, to open the floodgates of that bursting heart, to sob and cry—so bitterly.

V.

MARGOT soon cried herself to sleep, awaking greatly refreshed, both in body and mind. Why not? That a healthy, high-spirited, pure-minded girl should mope and sulk because of a lover's few weeks' absence were intensely unnatural. The first pang—albeit a very bitter wrench—must give way to delightful reminiscences, pleasant pictures, happy hopes. Dash the tears away, Margot,—rush bravely into the whirl of duty and sternly refuse to be morbid. So Marguerite did. She went daily to help her godmother, the soldiers became as infatuated about her as ever, she soon laughed and talked with sprightly gaiety. Yet, withal, those who knew her best marked a certain staidness and earnestness foreign to the maiden of a very little time ago. Though she began in the evening homewalk to talk to Pierre of the absent one, he shut himself up in his ignorant imaginings, and condemned cruelly his charge through those busy and terrible days.

Terrible and busy days they were. Not many opportunities had Marguerite for flirting with the soldiers Jacques so

dreaded. Once only did she allow herself to be escorted home by Courtenay, Pierre being at the moment out of the way — refusing even to take Tom's arm. Once only — for the foreign legion had sterner work the next evening. The sound of distant artillery, which had alarmed Margot as she ran up to the town, drew nearer, the café shutters were closed, the neighbours peeped timorously through the *pince-nez*. They could see the hasty retreat of France's chaotic troops, they watched the last heroic stand of the foreign volunteers behind every wall and at every corner.

Not till dusk did the shattered remains of the legion retire from a hopeless resistance, bloody, grieved, and sullen, into the forest. Then with racket and confusion streamed in the Prussians. Much thundering at doors and flashing of lanterns, and guttural babble, terrifying the inhabitants out of their little wits, attended the billeting of the newcomers. They swarmed into the *cafés*, into the hotels, into the *patisseries* shops, into wherever food and drink could be obtained for money. The *Café de la République* overflowed into the street; and how Marguerite managed to take her orders amid the hurricane of strange sounds, or to execute them in the closely packed rooms, was miraculous. But she succeeded in a way that presaged a roaring trade for Baptiste. The barbarians, like their more civilized neighbours, seemed not to object to good attendance; and though caring little for sullen looks and even studied discourtesy, prefer — other things being equal — ordinary civility. Ninon — no less patriotic than her neighbours — was not foolish enough to disregard such a common-sense view; and resolved that no effort on her part should be wanting to increase Marguerite's *dot* out of Prussian pockets, by gold skilfully extracted by the little *bénéficiaire* herself. So during the next few weeks Marguerite's time was fully occupied in fulfilling this charitable design; gallant soldiers competed for the honour of a word with the sprightly little damsel, and wondered who the ill-favoured, bad-tempered fellow could be, sitting scowling in a corner the better part of the day, and carrying off the submissive maiden in such unloving fashion every night-fall. But Pierre cared no whit for their imaginings; he thought of poor Jacques, absent, unheard of — alas! uncared for by the one whose first thoughts he claimed and yearned for. Poor, deceived

Jacques! cruel, deceitful Margot! and so Pierre waited for the end.

Another turn — an unlooked-for one — of Fortune's wheel, one more terrible day of thunder and smoke and confusion. Ninon lost her foreign customers; again the Chasseurs and the Zouaves disported themselves between the church and the café. Margot had old friends to laugh and talk with, while Pierre came out of his corner and kept his watch from the of-late-much-abused billiard table. A long watch he had kept, yet could bring no charge but that of youthful liveliness against his ward. But he never relaxed; he watched on.

"*Morbleu!* who would have thought of your missing that now?" exclaimed Baptiste, towards evening, as his adversary broke down over an easy *carambole*.

"Something put me off my stroke, I suppose," returned Pierre, absently; his eyes — and his mind with them — had wandered to the other end of the long room, to Tom Courtenay and Marguerite. True, the foreign legion was always to the front, so Tom's presence was not extraordinary to ordinary mortals. But Pierre read every little action in the light of his own jealous suspicions, and whoever talked to Margot was observed with lynx-eyed pertinacity. So as Courtenay entered the room he broke down in his stroke; thereafter he bestowed but one inattentive eye upon the game until Tom left, — when he threw down his cue with a look and an oath that astonished mild old Baptiste, drained all the brandy from the nearest *carafon*, and rushed from the house. Marguerite, tripping down the winding stair, while her hand lingeringly left a little note concealed in her bosom, just over where her warm happy heart was beating, saw him go, and shouted, "Pierre, Pierre!" in her loudest and gayest tone. But Pierre heard her not — or if he did, the merry ring of her voice but goaded on his mad flight.

"Where has that stupid old Pierre gone in such a hurry?" she asked of Ninon, who did not know. "Well, I hope he will come back soon, for I must leave early to-night, godmother, father wants me." A twinkle in the bright eye told of a naughty little story.

But Pierre did not come back. He dashed across the crowded *place*, and seated himself upon the church steps, whence, unobserved, he could watch the café opposite. Though his eyes never wandered from the door, his whole frame

was agitated; a restless unease marked every action, a frenzied whirl of thoughts found muffled utterance under his heavy moustache, which could not hide the twitching of the mouth. "At last, at last!" he exclaimed, half aloud, and more than once; "ah, Jacques, poor lad! — and that villain." Here his hand crept involuntarily beneath his blouse to nestle against something hard and cold in his pocket. He did not sit long thus. Margot quitted the café and turned homewards, Pierre followed afar off among the vineyards.

Down the lane and through the big gates, whereat stood her father's little cottage, tripped Margot, singing, almost dancing, in her exuberant joy. Unseen — but seeing — behind tree and hedge, glided slouchingly the dark, muttering Pierre. Across the avenue went Margot, and down the footpath cut through the copse. Pierre crept to the end of the footpath and cautiously peeped down it. What would he not have given to have escaped that sight? What would he not give to tear from his brain all that that short glance there indelibly printed? A second time he saw Marguerite jump from the stile into a man's arms, a second time saw her held there, a second time — then he turned away; the tear obtained the mastery this time — but now it was the tear of rage and revenge. The man's back was towards him, and partially concealed by the foliage; but Pierre caught sight at once of the blue coat and green epaulette of the foreign legion. That was enough. Pierre fell on his knees for a moment and raised his clasped hands above his head, then dived silently into the thicket. He wound noiselessly amongst the brushwood, until he heard footfalls and whispered voices. He crouched down and waited, while his hand again crept beneath his blouse. In the path — a yard from him — they stopped; he could see, through the branches, a man's broad breast — but Marguerite's head lay thereon. He could see the upturned loving face, the massy coils of hair, the perfect, warm neck, the full bosom heaving with emotion, despite the strong arms that held it tight. No word was uttered for a moment — an eternity. Then Marguerite took a step back, and in the great silence Pierre could hear the whisper, "Dearest, how I love you!" and knew — though a great dimness fell on his eyes and he saw nothing — that the perjured woman who spoke was looking up into a lover's face with

eyes full of infinite tenderness and love. The dimness passed away, the man's broad chest was there within reach of his outstretched arm. One moment more — a shot rang through the silent woods, a man fell in the narrow pathway with the life flowing fast away, a girl flung herself upon his body with the stifled shriek "Jacques, Jacques!" while over all stood a dark, fierce man, powerless, with glassy stare, unconscious — the worker of an awful crime and fatal blunder — the victim of his own blind passion.

VI.

A PAINFUL death scene was that in the wood, with the autumn sun setting behind the trees.

"I am going fast, Margot; be calm, dearest; I can bear it better and live longer so."

"Yes — Jacques," was formed rather than uttered by the lips, and a blanched, terrified face was turned upwards to Pierre. Pierre shrunk from that condemning face, such keen torture did its calm, speechless agony inflict. It not only reproached him for his error, it told of deep true love for the dying man; Pierre saw all now — and he despised himself. He turned his head away and sunk down on the ground beside them.

A choking gurgle came in Jacques's throat; Margot sitting down laid his head on her lap, stroking his face the while, and now and again kissing it. He looked easier, and feebly trying to raise a hand, whispered "Pierre."

Pierre turned fiercely, with a flash of his old bitterness, on Margot.

"Why did you not tell me? I saw him give you that letter, I followed you here, I saw this coat and these —"

"Then you did your duty by me, Pierre. You nobly performed your promise to me — knowing only what you did. Hush, blame not my poor Margot. I would leave you both friends when I am gone."

Marguerite uttered no word, she did not even weep. She but bent down her face in helpless anguish, and kissed the speaker. Pierre wept, his anger was all gone out of him. Jacques spoke again, with painful labour.

"Margot said you left the café ere she had time to tell you, Pierre. And this coat; it is Pat Nolan's. I dared not leave our camp, it is five miles off, in my own uniform — our discipline is strict, Pierre. And I could not be so near without seeing her."

There was another sharp struggle for breath and life, the straining eyes turned upwards to her, to see whom he had risked that life. She wailed as unconscious, "To see me thus, to see me thus!"

"I expected to see you both, happy and well. The note, Courtenay so good-naturedly took, mentioned you too, Pierre. But you left ere Margot had time to tell you. You will forgive each other, if there be ought to forgive, where both meant well?"

He took Margot's hand and laid it, she neither resisting nor aiding him, on his brother's, and then went on—

"You will not say how this happened—it is my last wish and request—explain it in some way. Pierre, you will still watch over Margot, I leave her to you; and you, my darling, when you marry, as you will, I would sooner imagine you happy with——"

Both knew the words that the death-rattle left unuttered. A wild glance upward and around, at brother and betrothed, at the golden woods and the blood-red level sun. A strong man's last struggle to retain within his grasp the world and life and love,—then all was over.

Marguerite sat for a few minutes gazing at the dead head upon her knees. Then laying it tenderly, timidly upon the grass, she stood upright, her hands clasped before her. Pierre bending down kissed the face; then he too stood upright, facing her.

"Will you, can you forgive me, Marguerite?"

"There is nothing to forgive; *he* said so. If there is, I have forgiven you already; *he* told me to do so."

"But will you not of yourself forgive me? will you not admit I loved my brother, not wisely, but too well? I shall probably die for this, Marguerite; even if I convince justice I did not intend to kill him, I must admit I intended killing some one. As I go now to give myself up, I can go more bravely if I know there is one person believes that morally I am guiltless, that I blundered, but did not sin,—God knows that, but I had rather you thought it."

The girl cowered backwards with a look of terrified wonderment. She spoke with a weird, *far-away* voice.

"What? Give yourself up,—say you did it? Disregard his last wish? Why, that were worse than murdering him; ten thousand times worse."

"Behold how she loved him."

Pierre cast a wondering, submissive glance upon the woman—she had become a woman in these last moments—before him. Jacques's tiniest word was her law. At his command she forgave and screened his murderer. A thought flashed through him, and drove the blood tingling to his face. The thought that there was a wish later than what she had called his last. Would she go so far in dutiful obedience? or was it thus far and no farther? But Pierre crushed down the delusive fancy as one having no right to existence, then or there, and asked submissively,

"Then what shall we do?"

"Make an excuse—*he* said so. We can tell how we found him dying, how he accused a Prussian of it; that will do."

"Marguerite, Marguerite, can I allow you to shield me thus?"

"*He* said it, and he *must* be obeyed. It is my duty to see that he is obeyed. I will kill you and myself too, if you dare to rebel against him."

"I shall obey; what must I do?"

"Tell them to come and bury him;—I shall stay here."

So Pierre left her alone with her dead.

Pierre saw how terribly he had mistaken Margot; he told himself that he could not read her aright, even now. Her conduct was so appallingly strange, her calmness so supernaturally awesome, she was so beyond the ken of his shallow observation, the bounds of his narrow philosophy. Was she mad, or in a fit? Was it apathy or despair or strong will, that kept her so unmoved? He knew not, but this he knew, that she had loved Jacques, and loved his memory with a great and unspeakable love; that she was no shallow, cruel flirt, but a deep-souled, warm-hearted woman,—and he loved her all the more.

Soon, very soon, when left alone with her dead, the pent-up tears came. The dulness of the first shock gave way to all the acute demonstrations of grief. When Pierre and his assistants returned to the corpse, they could not choose but hesitate in reverent awe before attempting to separate the living from the dead.

Marguerite lay with her arms round his body, one hand holding back the curly hair from the forehead; the cold white face was pressed close against the warm, dusky one, in startling contrast; the lustreless eyes were piercing the blue sky far above, regardless of those tear-

filled ones that gazed into them as if commanding that they should again receive their sight; ever and anon she kissed the slightly-parted lips; unceasingly she wailed and called back her departed one, with every endearing argument that love and despair could fashion. Pierre turned away from the sight, while two old fathers tenderly took up the daughter from the son, and then homeward,

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear;
For he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.

The evening after he was laid in his grave, Pierre took Marguerite a walk; fresh air she was sorely in need of, to dry up the tears and brighten up the roses in her cheeks. They stood at the gate to say good evening.

"Marguerite, this must be more than good evening; this must be good-bye for a long time, perhaps forever."

"What do you mean?"

"I am going to join the army to-morrow."

"Oh, no, indeed you must not," was the calm, commanding reply. "He said you were to stay and take care of me, and you *must*. But I see how it is; you are a coward, you cannot bear the consequences of what you have done; you are afraid to face me and yourself; it is not brave to court death to escape conscience."

"Indeed it is hard, but that I could bear, heavy though the cross be. But here I have no choice; Jacques would have done it for me. Your honour, mine, the honour of us all, his memory demands it?"

"I—I do not understand."

"Know you not what they say, Marguerite? What kind friends and neighbours say? They say Jacques was deserting his post, a traitor to duty. He was not that, but he disobeyed orders, he would have been shot in face of his regiment if caught."

Marguerite nearly fell, Pierre caught her and held her up in his arms—held Margot in his arms! He felt weak and unable to bear the burden at the thought. She recovered quickly, to find him thus supporting her and looking strangely in her face.

"Thanks, I am better now, Pierre; I can stand quite well alone, I assure you.

And they say such things of *him*, do they?"

Pierre ventured not to touch her when she no longer required his aid; he felt himself an unclean and abased thing before some bright, spotless divinity. He made answer.

"Yes, they say so. What would Jacques have me do? Must I not go to fight off dishonour from his memory?"

"Yes, Pierre; you are right, you must go. Good-bye." But she turned again immediately and held up her face, saying:

"You may kiss me, Pierre. I will give you his permission thereby; and it will make you remember why and for whom you fight."

All past terrible memories blotted out, all future fearful forebodings vanished—only one moment of unutterable bliss, one glimpse of heaven—for the wretched murderer. He kissed, with reverent awe, the upturned face; then went away to fight for his brother's memory, for her honour, for his house's good name, with one sacred, never vanishing print of a kiss upon his lips.

VII.

MARGUERITE donned a trim black gown and neat white collar—every woman's test, the brunette's triumph—and went dutifully day after day to her work at the *café*. In those times of lost husbands, brothers, sons, sweethearts innumerable, the loss of one young, unknown girl's love passed well nigh unnoticed, even in the little town of Belle Chance. But none who entered the *café* could forget or cease to deplore, when they saw the sorrow-stricken maiden. Her calm, mournful resignation, her manner so suddenly softened and matured, told of the depth to which a deep nature had been stirred, and commanded respectful pity. There were no boisterous jokes, no lively flirtations now on the part of the careless soldiers. Sorrow bade a rough world stand afar off, and it so stood wondering. Ninon did all tact taught her to cheer Marguerite; but Ninon could not, alas! use her old remedies, confessing, with a sigh, that little lay in her power but to leave the wounded one to the healing power of time and natural buoyancy, and the friction of every-day life. She would have kept her god-daughter with her day and night, away from the scene and reminiscences of that fatal day. But Marguerite would not. She pleaded her lonely father, who required company; but there

was a lonely heart as well that sought companionship in solitude. On her nightly walk home, alone, she turned aside to the little cemetery to pray a moment by a newly-made grave. After the evening meal, she wended — come fair weather or foul — to a dark spot in the thick copse, there to sit, with her hands clasped across her knees, weeping a little and thinking much.

Is it sacrilegious, is it unchivalrous to look into Marguerite's fluttering heart and see what is there passing? She did not think much, in the sense of connected conscious thinking, of Jacques. True, he was always present in her mind; he seemed to permeate, to be her mind; all her thoughts were twin thoughts, Jacques ever one of them. She loved to kneel by his tomb, to sit where he died, to dote over all his relics; but she did not weep much, for she hardly realized the materialness of her loss. The past appeared a dream, a pleasant but short dream, and so very far away — it seemed but a faint abiding memory of a previous existence. But on one thing she thought long and anxiously and self-tormentingly. This was Jacques's last wish, the very last, hardly uttered, dying wish. Were she and Pierre bound to fulfil it under all or any circumstances, because he wished it? Must she marry Pierre if he asked her? If he did not ask her, ought she to remind him of his duty to the dead? Margot was not altogether unreasoning in her reasonings as to this. Even great grief cannot banish common sense. She recognized perfectly that Jacques would rather desire it might never happen than that the union should be an unhappy one. She knew he could only mean, marry with love and good-will on both sides. She did not allow that to influence herself. She was ready because Jacques wished it. As part of her martyrdom and devotion she could compel herself to love and be happy with Pierre; at least, she thought she could, which was the same thing for her argument: certainly she could pretend to, so that the blunt Pierre should not find out the sham. But then Jacques cared for his brother, and desired his happiness as well. Ought she to force Pierre, out of compassion, or a perchance mistaken sense of duty, to marry her who might fail to render his life happy, who might make it only miserable? Did Jacques's request go so far as that? She thought not. She was very nearly sure not; but she wished Pierre would put her out of the difficulty. She would be

really a good wife to him; she would force herself to love him, if that were necessary, because Jacques wished it. It would not be such a great love as she had for Jacques, of course; but then Jacques could not expect *that*, if he realized what her love for him was, nor would he wish that she should so readily take that love away from him, and give it to another.

In such melancholy-wise passed Marguerite's thinking hours, with such self-disregard and love-penance did they ever conclude. Meantime, the days slipped away, terrible days of suspense for all, weary days of wondering for Marguerite, wondering what the end of her almost unearthly experience should be; for what fate she was destined. Surely it was an unkind deity that had picked out this simple, happy maiden to bear such strange and great crosses. But her church told Margot not to repine; and she drifted along as the current carried her, for she felt sure that Jacques was watching over her, that he would guide her; and whether the path were good or bad, natural or unnatural, smooth or rough, she cared not as long as it was the path he chose. Marguerite was ignorant — kind charity would use no harsher word — of the command: "Thou shalt have no other god before me."

December came, and winter with it. The trees were bare of leaves, but laden with pendant snow fringes. The white roofs cut sharply the clear sky. The homeliest sound made a cheerful resonance in the frosty air. Dull, bleak November had succeeded the genial glow of summer: it had passed not indeed again into the same sunny warmth, but by a healthy reaction into invigorating winter. Yet it was still dull, bleak November in Margot's heart.

With December came again terrible scenes, longer, more cruel, more crushing than any gone before. For four days and four nights did the earth-storm rage around and overhead, leaving wreck and ruin and death in the wake of its gory mantle. On the last evening Marguerite ventured from the *café* on her too long-neglected pilgrimage — neglected for four whole days. None but her practised eye could have discovered Jacques's grave in the down-trodden, relic-strewn cemetery; but she found it, and, kneeling beside a poor soldier boy who had gone like *him* to his long home, offered up her evening prayer. Then she hurried down the lane, to the old footpath in the copse. By the

stile was a body. She shuddered, for Tom Courtenay lay there, staring up into the blue sky, as she had seen her poor Jacques do. She prayed he might have no betrothed to inherit such agony as hers — agony that all may bear, none may share. She passed on, and shivered again, for a body was stretched on almost the very spot where Jacques had fallen; but the face was downwards. Marguerite did not fear the dead: she had never possessed any such morbid sensitiveness, and of late had lived with the dead — had been bound to a corpse. Yet a reverent awe came upon her at the strange fatality. Would this new blood wash away the stain of that other?

She knelt down, as was her wont, silently upon the snow, when the evening stillness was broken by a groan. She started; then this man was not dead but wounded. Had Heaven sent her thus a sacred trust on the spot where her treasure had been taken from her? The groan was repeated. Marguerite tenderly laid her hand upon the sufferer.

"Can I do anything for you?" she said, and then assisted the attempt he made to turn on his side. She caught sight of the face and fell back with a suppressed shriek — Pierre lay wounded where his brother had died.

Shot through the chest by a stray bullet, as the last wave of battle swept over the plain, cut off ere he could make good his flight into the forest, by the well-known wood-paths he had instinctively sought, Pierre had fallen and was slowly stiffening to death on the snow. The sight of Marguerite sent a warm pulse of blood through him, her presence nerved his waning strength, her voice dispelled the wearying brain-cloud that had been mastering every sense; he raised himself with an effort indeed, but he raised himself to a sitting posture, and said feebly —

"You are just in time, Marguerite; you have saved my life."

His words completed the change that had as suddenly been wrought in Margot. The sight of him had startled her dormant senses into action, his presence awoke her to the knowledge that she lived and must live, his voice cleft the atmosphere of dreams and brought her back to a real, working world, that buries its dead out of its sight and then does whatsoever its hand findeth to do. Her eyes "sparkled the true Promethean fire" — of work in the present, despite a visionary sacred past — of duty to be performed, however many pleasures were

dead and gone. Marguerite started to her feet — and into life.

"I shall run to the farm and send them to bring you home; they will not be long, you must have patience a very short time longer. Your mother and I will get everything ready for you and send off at once for a doctor."

"Stay, stay," cried Pierre, arresting her nimble feet. "It will alarm them less if I walk home; believe me I can easily walk that short distance — alone."

"With your aid," he would have said, but he dared not. He would make the attempt unsupported rather than let her go even for a few moments. Marguerite said it for him; she feared, as he did, the effect upon his parents.

"I don't think you can go alone, Pierre: perhaps, if I help you, we can get along. Lean upon me, and let us try."

Pierre did lean upon her; he was afraid to think how heavily, but he could not help it; he was very weak, and the short walk to the farm seemed terribly long, even with Margot by his side supporting him. But she was no slender weakling, and bore him up bravely until he staggered across the threshold prostrated by the inevitable reaction. The effort had sorely taxed him, and he lay insensible and groaning until the doctor arrived.

Marguerite showed all a woman's bravery. She solaced the women and encouraged the men; she prepared everything for the sufferer's comfort; she courageously assisted the doctor in his terrible task; she received all his orders and instructions; she soothed Pierre into a refreshing slumber, and installed herself as nurse — astonishing all who had thought her once an unfeeling useless girl, lately a sullen half-mad woman.

But Marguerite was made of the sterling stuff so many women are made of, so few have a chance of showing. The world tries to crush it out of women, and then abuses them for wanting it.

VIII.

DAY after day, night after night, passed anxiously, wearily away, as Pierre hovered on the shadowy confines between life and death. The wound, a serious one from the first, had been rendered highly dangerous by exposure, while the deceitful transient effort he had made in walking to the farm, completely exhausted the little remaining strength, and gave a severe shock to the strong system. So he lay waiting while Margot sat watching.

But slowly care and skill, aided nobly by a strong vitality and a strong will, gained the mastery. The patient was pronounced out of danger, and slowly regained strength and health. Thereafter his most potent salve was Marguerite's presence. It cheered and contented him. No wonder then he got better; *physic with contentment* is a great gain to the surgeon. Peevish discontent has a goodly number of deaths to answer for. He forgot his pain as he watched her sit by his side or glide softly about the room, his fever fled away at the touch of her gentle hand.

"What if it should ever be?" he would muse. "But that surely were too great bliss. Ah, if I had been less of a fool! Had I known both her and myself better! Had I seen how great she is, how little I am! Had I tried to make myself meet for her, rather than to make her fit for me, it might have been otherwise. Perhaps if I can show myself in some degree worthy she may have compassion; if I venture in faith and true loyalty to kiss the hem of her garment, she may turn to me and raise me, and perchance deign to love me. She may do it, because it was Jacques's last wish; but yet I think not; she is too good to marry me if she could not a little love me, if she could not honestly foresee happiness for us. Were she to do so, I wonder if I should have the courage to refuse; should I be brave enough to say, I love you too well to marry you not loving me, I cannot make you unhappy? I hope I might be able so to do, but I pray I may never be in such a case."

Then Pierre would humbly turn his face to the wall,—that Marguerite might see no shadow of pain or perplexity pass over it,—and listen in a mechanical way to Margot reading, drinking in, not sayings witty, wise, or good, but a rich voice, like distant music "in linked sweetness long drawn out."

Meantime what thought Marguerite herself as she read—she read just as mechanically as Pierre listened—or, having dropped her work into her lap, watched him as he slept? If not so well as he hoped, yet assuredly not so badly as he feared.

"Is this really Pierre?" she asked herself. "Is this gentle, submissive, contented patient, the rough, sullen, ill-natured Pierre I used to fear so? Did I not know, or has the past changed him? Indeed a woman might love him very easily and very well,—were her heart her

own, had she any love left unburied. But am I altogether right? Ought we to bury away the good and fair love God has given us? May it not be duty to love where we can if we cannot love where we would? Has this great gift, powerful for good or evil, love been bestowed to be used as we think best or for the fulfilling of our own little joys? Surely not, else why should a good God remove so often that on which we have foolishly set our hearts? He can only do that to make us love more nobly and more to his glory? This must be why Jacques was taken from me. I know I have been better and less worldly since, but God would not take away a great life for such a little gain; kill a noble man that a weak woman may live better. He must have intended Pierre to be the greater, and taken this terrible and inscrutable way of manifesting his greatness. And perhaps even He intended that I and Pierre should love each other for the good and happiness of us both. He may have been speaking by the mouth of Jacques that day. If He should lead Pierre to love me and say so to me, I shall take it as his own call, and I cannot refuse; if not, can He mean me—poor, weak, wicked me—for something nobler? Am I destined to be taken from this earth to him, or to his church? I do not feel good enough for that; I love this fair earth, this bright world too much; but it must be such He takes from it, lest it come between them and His glory. I wish I could see clearly."

So Marguerite groped along darkly, longing for the light. So these two silently thought each of the other, until their thoughts got wonderfully entangled and were wont to run astray into most devious by-paths. Now they soared high on hope's dreams, again sank low amid dread fears. How each wished for the time when they could talk freely, for each thought to see in an accidental tone, in an unguarded phrase, perhaps in an overflowing confession, some indication of what was passing in the other's breast.

But it was long ere Pierre was allowed to talk. A shot through one's lungs is a sad foe to conversation, so but the most necessary remarks were permitted. Even when light conversation was sanctioned, Marguerite was too good a nurse to tempt him to overtalk or agitate himself by touching on such a theme.

Meanwhile, Pierre grew stronger every day, and at last his father and mother and Baptiste and a few neighbours were

allowed not only to see him and shake his hand, but to have short talks with him. One day Marguerite left his mother by his side and went for a walk in the orchard, to catch a whiff of fresh air.

The old mother sat stroking her son's hand, and cheering him or being cheered. After a little, she said,—

"Tell me about my poor Jacques, Pierre; I was so deadened at the time, and you went away so suddenly, I never heard *all* about it. And as for Margot, one dared not come near it. She but said 'Hush!' and turned away."

So Pierre, with a bitter pain at his heart, told the false story, putting in as many of Jacques's words and as much of the truth as he could.

"And what were his last words, Pierre, his very last words?"

"They were for Marguerite, mother: she lay nearest his heart, so his very last thoughts were of her. He hoped I would look after her, and he hoped she would marry happy."

"Hoped she would marry happy, poor boy! And did he not say whom he would have her marry?"

"No, mother; we fancied he had some one in his head, but he was gone ere he could say the name. He only hoped she would marry happy."

Pierre turned his face to the wall, but Marguerite caught the pained expression it bore. She had entered quietly, and caught the last sentence as well. Her gentle voice startled both.

"You have been letting him talk too much. He looks quite tired. You must leave him now and let me read him to sleep."

The mother kissed her son and went away. Marguerite's voice quivered strangely when she spoke again.

"Pierre, you should not talk so much, you should not allow yourself to be flurried and tired thus."

"Ah, I am not tired with speaking, Marguerite. But why has your voice altered so? Why do you speak in that way? Did it hurt you to hear me tell my poor mother about—about that? I could not tell her all the truth, could I? She would have set her heart upon it, poor soul!"

"And why not?"

"Why not, Marguerite?—and you—?"

"Jacques wished it, why should not his mother—why should not I? I do not say I do, Pierre; but what were strange in my doing so?"

Marguerite was alarmed at her own boldness, but she had been led on by fate. Here was a favourable opportunity of reading her future—of knowing Pierre's mind. So she remained calm and collected, speaking with a brave, firm voice now she had begun.

Pierre's eyes shone with a glad, trusting light. Was it Marguerite spoke thus to him?

"Marguerite, do I hear aright? Do you mean the thought is not utterly abhorrent to you?"

"Why should it be, Pierre?"

"And not only because he wished it? It were a sin to agree for that reason only. I cannot have it so. But can you love me a little, only a little, for myself?"

"Why should I not?" she replied, with a kindly glance that told Pierre there was reason why she should rather than why she should not.

"Yet you take my agreement strangely for granted," she continued, quaintly. "Can you *love me*, Pierre?"

"Love you?—"

"Hush, let me finish. I will not have you marry me out of compassion or kindness, or because Jacques wished it. You must be sure of your own mind; do you really love me?"

Had great wonder and joy driven Pierre mad—been too much for that weary, tortured brain—broken the strings of that heart bursting with emotions long pent up? With a mighty effort he sat upright—the first time since he had lain down,—and addressed Margot with a wild passionateness that startled her at first, and defied all attempts at soothing.

"Do I really love you, Marguerite? Do you not, have you not seen it? Do I not love you more than tongue can tell? Do you not know I would have given my life a hundred times to hear from you such words as you have now spoken? Have I not loved you since we were boy and girl together—madly all my life?"

"All your life!" said Marguerite, with the look she bore when Jacques died, and in the same *far-away* voice. Did she not believe him?

"Yes, all my life," said he, wildly. "Was it not as much for my own great love of you as for aught else I accepted you as a sacred charge from Jacques? Had I not loved you so, would I have so slightly risked my life—?"

Mad Pierre! False to Margot, to Jacques, most false to yourself. Why not bravely and modestly have spoken out

the truth? You *would* have done it all for love of Jacques alone! Marguerite would have honoured you; the truth is too late now.

"Stop, stop," shrieked Marguerite. "I thank a merciful God for preserving me from you! I see it all now. You dared not avow your love while Jacques lived; you dare avow it now when you have murdered him;" and the girl fled from the room, while Pierre strove to detain her, and, with choking voice, to call her back.

Marguerite, rushing downstairs to weep in the orchard, heard the doctor's voice below, and hastened back to a little room of her own, in a distant corner of the house. She flung herself upon the bed, and there lay, at times weeping hysterically, for the most part unconscious. She only noted one thing—the great stillness that reigned in the house.

Marguerite must have fallen asleep, for she started up hurriedly at the sound of a knocking at her door. On opening it, the doctor stood there.

"I fear I have awaked you, mademoiselle?"

What did his strange visit, his untoward gravity mean? Marguerite felt a sickening faintness steal over her, as she asked, dreamily—

"What has happened?"

"What I feared for Pierre. The sudden bursting of a blood-vessel in the lungs——"

"He is dead, then?"

"It must have been almost instantaneous. He made a hard fight, for I found him slipped half from the bed to the floor, but it must have been very short."

These and other details Marguerite knew not until long afterwards, for with the inward heart-cry, "Have I murdered him?" she fainted.

"Adieu, Margot," said Ninon, weeping; while even old Baptiste's eyes watered more than usual. "What shall I do with your *dés*, darling? Alas, that it should come to this, Margot?"

"Nay, godmother, you know best what to do with it. Some small portion, however, I should like you to give to some happy girl on her happy wedding to a happy lover. Good-bye!"

So Marguerite went from many weeping eyes to a convent far away.

From Temple Bar.

LAFAYETTE:

THE CREATOR OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

COWARDLY in war, anarchical in revolution, treacherous to all governments, ever on the side of disorder, never on that of order, powerful only for mischief—no worse institution was ever bestowed upon an unhappy country than that of the National Guard. In the first years of its existence it turned upon its creator, in order to abet the excesses of the rabble. In what is to be hoped was the last of its career, it permitted itself to be overawed by ruffians and petroleuses, and helped to destroy the splendid city which it had been organized to protect.

For this scourge France was indebted to Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. A principal actor in four great revolutions, the political career of this celebrated man began during the American War of Independence, and with certain years of interruption, extended into the reign of Louis Philippe. But for him George Washington might never have founded his republic; he was one of the creators of the Great Revolution, and the part he took in the elevation of the Citizen King was, to say the least, important.

Lafayette, descended from one of the noblest and wealthiest houses of France, was born at Chavainac on the 6th of September, 1757. In his boyhood he was one of the Queen's pages; at fifteen he was a commissioned officer in the King's Musketeers. At sixteen he married the daughter of the Count d'Ayen, afterwards Duc de Noailles, a lady who brought to his fortune an income of two hundred thousand francs and to his life a noble, loving, and heroic heart. Although an aristocrat by birth, and reared and educated in the court of an absolute sovereign, the young marquis was by principles an enthusiastic republican.

"You ask me," he says, "at what period I first experienced the ardent love of liberty and glory?" I recollect no time of my life anterior to my enthusiasm for anecdotes of noble deeds, and to my projects of travel over the world to acquire fame. . . . Republican anecdotes always delighted me, and when my new connections wished to obtain for me a place at court I did not hesitate to displease them to preserve my independence. I was in that frame when I first learned the troubles in America. . . . When I first heard of this quarrel my heart warmly espoused the cause of

liberty, and I thought of nothing but of adding the aid of my banner."

At nineteen, in spite of the peremptory prohibition of his family and of the court — spite of the honest dissuasions of Franklin and Arthur Lee, who, after the evacuation of New York and the retreat of the Colonists, considered the cause of Independence to be lost — he fitted out a vessel at his own expense, and, escaping out of France in disguise, embarked at Passages, for Charlestown, on the 26th of April, 1777.

Congress, jealous of foreigners, received him but coldly. "After the sacrifices I have made," he said, "I have the right to exact two favours; one is to serve at my own expense, and the other to serve as a volunteer."

An offer so magnanimous won every heart; the rank of Major-General was conferred upon him, and he at once joined Washington. Death only dissolved the strong friendship that from that hour arose between the two soldiers.

Heart and soul Lafayette threw himself into the struggle; seven years of his life did he devote to the service of America, bravely fighting her battles as a soldier, and working unceasingly as a diplomatist to obtain her recognition by the courts of Europe. And most enthusiastically grateful was the republic. Twice during those seven years he revisited France to plead the cause of liberty to his king; and Louis yielded to his prayers, and gave him six thousand troops and large supplies of clothing, arms, and munitions of war, with which to help on the great struggle.

The struggle over he returned to Paris, and was made the hero of the day; fêtes, bell-rings, processions, and civic honours everywhere attended him. His bust, presented to the municipality of Paris by the State of Virginia, was enshrined with honours in the Hôtel de Ville. He was crowned with wreaths, cheered by the multitude, petted by the court. The people regarded him as the champion of liberty, the King as the upholder of the glory of France.

If, in a reign of blunders, there was one more fatal than the rest, it was the support which Louis the Sixteenth afforded to the Americans. It drained a treasury already at the lowest ebb, and largely increased the enormous deficit — the immediate cause of the Revolution. It created a bitter animosity in the English people and government, who, but for

that, might not have regarded so calmly the destruction of the French monarchy; but, above all, it propagated those revolutionary theories with which France was already agitated to her centre. Indeed, was an act of more suicidal madness possible than for a king to become the champion of rebellion, to send away troops and officers to become infected with republican principles, when the nation over which he ruled was itself on the eve of a revolution?

After a life of seven years spent amidst the feverish excitement of mighty changes, Lafayette could neither settle down to the monotonous existence of a country noble, nor to the more puerile one of a Parisian courtier. His restless spirit busied itself in plans for the establishment of the civil rights of the Protestants, for the emancipation of the blacks, and for the abolition of monopolies.

With the assembling of the Notables came the opportunity he so ardently desired, to propound schemes of reform. His first proposition must have wonderfully startled the ears of that conservative body. They were — to suppress *lettres de cachet*, to establish universal toleration, and to *convocate the States General*. "You desire, then, that I should take down in writing and report to the King that the motion to convocate the States General has been made by the Marquis de Lafayette?" said the President. "I do," was the reply. It was entered accordingly.

Although this motion was not acceded to until more than a year after it was put, to Lafayette is due the renown of being the first to propose the assemblage of that famous body.

On the 11th of July, 1789, he brought forward in the National Assembly the celebrated Declaration of Rights, which asserted universal equality, freedom of speech, the principles of representative government, and the inalienable authority of the people: that same day he enunciated that sentence which has since become the watchword of revolution, "*Insurrection against tyrants is the holiest of duties.*"

But the most important of his propositions was that for the institution of a National Guard, which should serve as a counterpoise to the King's troops, by whom the deliberations of the Assembly had been repeatedly menaced. This suggestion was immediately hailed with the wildest enthusiasm; forty-eight thousand citizens were enrolled in one day.

From Paris to the provinces it ran like wild-fire; Lyons, Strasbourg, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, lost not a moment in following the example of the capital, and when, by the unanimous voice of the nation, Lafayette was named commander-in-chief of this new army, he found himself at the head of three millions of men. It was he who invented the tricolour cockade, in which he symbolically blended the King and the people. The town colours of Paris, red and blue, were also those of the Orleans livery; to these were added the kingly white. "Gentlemen," he said, as he presented the famous badge, "I bring you a cockade that shall make the tour of the world, and an institution at once civic and military which shall change the system of European tactics, and reduce all absolute governments to the alternative of being beaten if they do not imitate it, or of being overthrown if they dare to oppose it."

Laclos, in his "*Galerie des États Généraux*," under the name of "Philarète," thus sums up the character and pretensions of Lafayette. The date of the portrait is 1789, the year at which we have now arrived; it is harsh, but, as we shall presently see, contains bitter truths:

Philarète having found it easy to become a hero fancies it will be as easy to become a statesman. The misfortune of Philarète is that he has great pretensions and ordinary conceptions. He has persuaded himself that he was the author of the revolution in America; he is arranging himself so as to become one of the principal actors in a revolution in France.

He mistakes notoriety for glory, an event for a success, a sword for a monument, a compliment for an immortality. He does not like the court, because he is not at his ease in it; nor the world, because there he is confounded with the many; nor women, because they injure the reputation of a man while they do not add to his position. But he is fond of clubs,* because he there picks up the ideas of others; of strangers, because they examine a foreigner only superficially; of mediocrity, because it listens and admires. Philarète will be faithful to whatever party he adopts, without being able to assign, even to himself, any good reasons for being so. He has no very accurate ideas of constitutional authority, but the word "liberty" has a charm for him, because it rouses an ambition he scarcely knows what to do with. Such is Philarète. He merits attention because, after all, he is better than most of his rivals. That the world has been more favourable to him than he deserves is

owing to the fact that he has done a great deal in it, considering the poverty of his ability; and people have been grateful to him rather on account of what he seemed desirous to be than on account of what he was. Besides his exterior is modest, and only a few know that the heart of the man is not mirrored upon the surface. He will never be made more than we see him, for he has little genius, little nerve, little voice, little art, and is greedy of small successes.

On the 14th of July, 1790, was celebrated the anniversary of the federation of the National Guard, and of the destruction of the Bastille. The celebration was to take place in the Champ de Mars, and for many weeks workmen were employed hollowing out what had hitherto been a plain into the form of a gigantic amphitheatre. But the task was a vast one, and as the day drew near and nearer there were fears that it would not be completed in time, which fears created a sudden furor of enthusiasm. Every grade of society from the lowest to the highest shouldered pick and spade, and used them too with a hearty will. Gamins, artisans, bourgeois, doctors, lawyers, courtiers, peasant women, grisettes, and fine court ladies worked side by side; hands that until now had never known a soil, hands that had scarcely ever been seen out of dainty gloves, hands which noble heads had bowed to kiss, now plied dirty shovels and grubbed in the earth like ploughmen or navvies. And when the task was finished, city and court admiringly contemplated its own handiwork. In the middle of the hollow a temple was erected. There were besides triumphal arches, a throne for the King, and a splendid pavilion for the Queen. In the middle of the temple, upon an elevation ascended by tapestry-covered steps, stood an altar, upon which was deposited the book of the constitution. At this altar, attended by sixty priests clothed in white robes covered with tricoloured ribbons, stood the Bishop of Autun; while, with the point of his sword resting upon the altar, Lafayette proposed to his soldiers the oath of fidelity to the kingdom and the constitution. Sixty thousand hands were raised in answer to the appeal. Then the King and the members of the National Assembly repeated the oath. Cannon was fired. The bishop blessed the Oriflamme of France, and—the ceremony was over. There were three hundred thousand spectators present, besides federates from all the National Guards of the kingdom.

* He was the founder of the *Feuillans*, or Constitutional Club, the third of the celebrated revolutionary clubs.

Monsieur le Marquis lost no opportunity to thrust himself forward as the champion of liberty, equality, fraternity; he warmly advocated the abolition of all titles of nobility, even those of the princes of the blood; he patted the grisly heads of the famished wolves of St. Antoine, shook their dingy paws, and called them brothers, and yet they growled inwardly with intense longing to taste the aristocratic blood of their noble patron; and Camille Desmoulins and the Jacobin Club unceasingly denounced him as an enemy of the people. When Berthier and Foulon were massacred, when Vincennes was attacked, his own troops — the children he had created — refused to obey him. Stung by such filial ingratitude he would there and then have abandoned them to their own devices had not the recalcitrants promised better behaviour for the future, and the mayor and municipality humbly solicited him to retain his command.

Upon the flight of the royal family, for whose safe custody he was pledged, the growls grew fiercer and the wolves showed their fangs menacingly; the Jacobins howled denunciations, and Danton roared for the recapture of the King or the head of his custodian. The commander-in-chief was universally suspected of having been accessory to the escape. Such complicity, however, appears to be utterly at variance with his views and character. The escape, whether successful or unsuccessful, must favour one or the other of the extreme parties. Did Louis join the *émigrés*, the kingly power would again predominate; was he recaptured, the event would enormously strengthen the party of anarchy. To Lafayette both extremes were equally fatal, for the triumph of either would be the signal of his downfall.

There is no one so obnoxious in times of fierce political excitement as a moderate man; he is a standing protest against the excesses of both parties, and is more fiercely hated by either than the most virulent of its opponents. In the attack upon Versailles he saved the lives of the royal family, and was ever ready to oppose his own life between their safety and the ferocity of the mob; but the man was cold, formal, vain, pedantic; he imposed upon them a surveillance rigorous even to indecency, for night and day he stationed guards even in the bed-chamber of the Queen, so that Marie Antoinette and the royalists hated him above all the leaders of the Revolution.

Popular applause was the very breath of his nostrils. It is said that his holding aloof from all the Orleanist plots arose, not from honesty, but from jealous vexation at seeing the Duke's bust borne through the streets beside his own at the taking of the Bastille. The rôle he desired to sustain was that of *protector* of the monarchy; he would not have subverted the King, he would have stripped him of all power, and have reduced him to a puppet, of which he should be the wire-puller. His popularity was very short-lived; the giant strides of the Revolution speedily outstripped the men of scruples.

When the majority of the Assembly, growing timorous of mob rule, decided that the King had not forfeited the crown, and could not be brought to trial on account of his late journey to Varennes, the Jacobins were furious; Marat and Camille Desmoulins wrote fierce denunciations, and called upon the people to sign a monster petition for the reversal of the decree. On the 17th of July every citizen was to sign this protest in the Champ de Mars, "upon the altar of the country." During the night two invalids, out of a childish curiosity to witness the proceedings unobserved, had concealed themselves beneath the steps of the altar. Here they were discovered next morning, and the discovery spread the most alarming reports among the people; it was said that a barrel of gunpowder had been found beside them, that it was their intention to blow up the citizens, and that they were well-known agents of the aristocracy. (How like this reads to the gossip of "Our Special Correspondent" of 1871!) In vain did the unhappy wretches protest their innocence of all evil designs, the ferocious mob literally tore them limbmeal. In the midst of the riot Lafayette appeared at the head of the National Guard, bearing the red flag, the badge of martial law. Far from quelling the disturbance, his appearance only served to increase the fury of the rioters; loud cries of "Down with the red flag!" "Death to Lafayette!" resounded on all sides, enforced by showers of stones and mud. In vain did Bailly, the mayor, urge the people to disperse; he was answered only by shouts of derision, by howls and execrations. Unwilling to spill blood, the commander ordered his soldiers to fire in the air; this course emboldened the rabble to form in line and oppose the troops. Further temporizing was useless; the

order was given, and a volley was fired, followed by a charge of cavalry. The artillery stood to their guns in another moment, and had not Lafayette, at the risk of his life, thrown himself before the cannons' mouths, thousands would have been mowed down. The mob fled, and, trampling over the bodies of the slain, the cavalry pursued it, and took two hundred prisoners. The riot was quelled, and amidst an ominous silence, broken only by a few faint acclamations and some muttered threats of vengeance, the troops and their leader marched back into Paris.

On that day Lafayette held the destiny of the Revolution in his hands; and he merely re-established order. The mob was defeated, intimidated; Robespierre, Danton, and nearly all the Jacobin leaders had fled; he could have struck a decisive blow, and have saved France from impending horrors. A Cromwell would not have neglected the opportunity, but Lafayette had neither the energy nor the grandeur of mind to become a dictator. Like so many other celebrated Frenchmen, he possessed only the genius of destruction without that of reconstruction.

That day's work cost him the last remains of his popularity. Deeply mortified at the failure of all his cherished hopes, he resigned his command. But in order to retire with some *éclat*, he moved for a general amnesty to political offenders, and the abolition of the passport system; both of which motions were acceded to. The soldiers presented him with a golden-hilted sword; the municipality with a marble statue of Washington, and struck a medal in his honour, "that he might always have before his eyes him whom he had so gloriously imitated."

When Bailly retired from the office, he put up for the mayoralty. But Paris had not forgotten the Champ de Mars, and rejected him. Upon which he took up the *rôle* of Cincinnatus, and retired into ruralism at Chavainac.

Upon the declaration of war with Austria the Assembly recalled him, gave him the command of the central division of the army, and despatched him to Metz. Thither came the news of Jacobin triumphs and horrible outrages perpetrated in the name of liberty. Mob ingratitude and mob brutality, foiled ambition and wounded vanity, had cooled his Republican ardour for a time, or rather let us say that they had awakened the nobler qualities of the man, and that he was far

from deficient in noble qualities we shall see anon. He wrote to the Assembly a spirited letter, in which he called upon it to revere the person and constitutional power of the King, to annihilate the clubs, and to maintain the principles of order. Twelve days afterwards he appeared before the Assembly in person, to protest in the name of the army against the outrages that had been committed, and to demand the punishment of the perpetrators. This bold step gained for him only the half-hearted applause of the moderates, whose timidity was only sharpening the axe for their own necks, and the redoubled animosity of the Jacobins. He visited the Tuileries, and secretly proposed a plan by which the King should escape to Compiègne, place himself in the centre of the army, declare the constitution, disavow all connection with the plot of the *émigrés*, and thus overawe the party of anarchy. But Louis was prejudiced by his dislike of the proposer, and perceived, besides, that such a step would render him a puppet in Lafayette's hands, and so he coldly refused.

He returned to the camp. Then came the news of the seizure of the King's person. This was immediately followed by the arrival of three commissioners, sent to gain the adhesion of the army to the newly-constituted authorities. Lafayette's course of action was swift and energetic; he imprisoned the commissioners as traitors, and called upon the soldiers to renew the oath of the constitution. But Jacobin influence had been at work among them, and his call met with no response. Upon hearing of the imprisonment of their commissioners, the factions sent others to demand their liberation — to declare Lafayette a traitor, and to arrest him. In Paris every picture, bust, and memento of the whilom idol was destroyed, and a medal that had been struck in his honour was broken by the common executioner. Rewards were offered for his apprehension, and every good citizen was called upon to hunt him down and slay him.

To have faced the wild beasts would have been madness; his safety lay only in flight. On the 20th of August, 1792, accompanied by General Latour Maubourg, Alexander Lameth, Bureau de Pusy, Masson, René, Pillet, Cardingan, and two faithful servants, Lafayette, under pretence of reconnoitring, left the camp on horseback. Towards night the fugitives came upon the advanced guard of the Austrian army. Without declaring their names, they asked permission of

the commander to be allowed, as deserters from the French army, to pass through his lines into Holland. Their request was granted, and they were conducted to Luxembourg, where, unfortunately, Lafayette was recognized by one of the *émigré* nobles. The whole party was instantly made prisoners.

As soon as the news of their capture was forwarded to Vienna, orders were sent back for their consignment to the custody of Prussia. Most disgraceful and barbarous was the treatment they received from that power. Magdeburg was to be their prison. Thither, loaded with chains, they were conveyed in a cart, lodged at nights in the common gaols of the country, and everywhere exposed to the savage insults of the populace. At Magdeburg they were confined for one year in subterranean cells. At the end of that period Lafayette, General Maudslowi, and De Pury were removed to Silesia, and finally, upon the conclusion of peace between France and Prussia, they were delivered back to Austria, and incarcerated in separate dungeons at Olmutz. Here they were informed that they would never again leave the walls of the fortress, that they would never again hear a human voice, that their very names would never again be mentioned, that they would only be known by the numbers upon the doors of their cells. The walls of these cells were twelve feet thick; the air was admitted by loop-holes, two feet square, which looked upon a stagnant ditch, from which was exhaled a poisonous effluvia. In a large hall, without their doors, was stationed a guard of five-and-twenty men, who were forbidden to utter a sound of any kind while on duty. Upon the outward walls were placed eight sentries, with orders, on pain of a hundred lashes, to speak no word to the prisoners, and to shoot them dead if they attempted to escape. Each cell had two doors, one of iron and one of wood, both covered with bolts, bars, and padlocks. Each day every corner was examined with the utmost minuteness. Their very bread was crumbled to pieces by the officer on guard, to prevent the possibility of any note being thus delivered. A bed of rotten straw, swarming with vermin, and a broken chair and table, formed their only furniture. When it rained, the water ran through the loop-holes, and wetted them to the skin.

In this horrible abode Lafayette became wasted by disease. At the same time his estates in France were confis-

cated, and his wife cast into prison. Thus did a grateful Republic reward his services and sacrifices. Lally Tollendal alone exerted himself in his behalf, and in 1793 engaged, in London, one Dr. Bollman, a Hanoverian of great sagacity and courage, to attempt his liberation. At this time, however, not even the place of his confinement was known, and Bollman's first expedition to Germany failed to elucidate the mystery. A second, undertaken in the following year, proved more successful. At Vienna he accidentally encountered a young American named Huger, to whom he confided his plans, and in whom he found a keen and enthusiastic ally.

The two adventurers, under the character of travellers travelling for the benefit of their health and to see the country, established themselves in the town of Olmutz. There they made friends with the gaoler of the castle, and gleaned certain important particulars from him concerning the habits of the prisoners. The rigour of Lafayette's incarceration had been of late much relaxed; he was permitted the use of books, of pens and paper, and also, under an escort, to take the air, even beyond the walls. By permission of the gaoler, who saw nothing suspicious in such circumstances, the two friends sent him some books, accompanied by a note, in which they apologized for the liberty they had taken, hoped the books would prove interesting, etc. Suspecting, from the tone of the letter, that more was meant than met the eye, Lafayette carefully examined the volumes and found them to contain certain marks and words artfully blended with the text, which acquainted him with the designs of the senders. A correspondence, which, from its very openness, created no suspicion, was thus commenced and continued, with the exchange of books. In his rides beyond the walls he was now accompanied only by a single officer and an attendant, who usually lagged some distance behind. By means of a sympathetic ink Bolland and Huger acquainted him with the plan of escape they had devised, so that he was fully prepared when, on a certain morning, as he was out for his airing, they rode up to him on horseback holding a third horse by the bridle. "Seize this horse, and you are free!" cried Huger. The officer, now fully alive to the danger of his position, drew his sword. Lafayette seized him and a struggle ensued. The gleam of the weapon frightened the riderless

horse, who broke his bridle and galloped away. Leaping to the ground Huger heroically insisted upon Lafayette mounting his horse, named to him the place of rendezvous, fifteen miles off, where a chaise was waiting to convey them over the Austrian border, and sprang up behind Bolland.

The two gentlemen had not galloped far when their horse stumbled and threw Bolland to the ground, severely hurting him. Once more Huger played the hero—remounted his friend, and trusted himself to the fleetness of his feet. But he was quickly overtaken and captured. In the meantime, Lafayette had unhappily mistaken the road, and, being purposely misdirected by a peasant, who from his manner and appearance, suspected him to be an escaped prisoner, after a circuit of many miles found himself back in Olmutz, where he was again made prisoner. Bolland alone reached the rendezvous, but hearing, after some days, of the capture of his friends, he voluntarily gave himself up to the authorities. Thus the termination of this bold attempt was to place all three within the same walls.

Bolland and Huger were released at the end of a twelvemonth. But all the old rigours and cruelties were again imposed upon the wretched Lafayette. In the meantime his wife had been released from her Paris dungeon, and, accompanied by her two daughters, had proceeded to Vienna to beg permission to share her husband's captivity. Her prayer was granted. For sixteen months this noble-hearted woman, with her daughters, endured the horrors of the Olmutz dungeons. At the end of that time her health gave way, and she wrote to the Emperor, begging permission to seek, for a short time, a purer air. The reply was, that she was free to leave, but not to return. Her answer may be anticipated. "Whatever might be the state of my health, or the inconvenience of my daughters, I will share my husband's captivity in all its details!"

Most touching and noble is this picture of womanly devotion, and yet more so is that of the two young lovely girls sacrificing some of their brightest days in the fœtid atmosphere of a dark, humid dungeon, imperilling their very lives to filial love.

Europe began to raise its voice against this barbarous and unjustifiable captivity; it was vehemently discussed in the English House of Commons; and France,

now relieved from the dominion of the Terrorists, bestirred herself to obtain her son's release. That release came, thanks to Buonaparte, with the Peace of Campo Formio, in 1797. Lafayette at once hastened to thank his liberator; but his reception was cold, and it was hinted to him that his absence from France for a time was desirable. Buonaparte liked not such restless spirits about him. So Lafayette took up his abode in Holland until 1799. In that year he re-entered France, but only to retire to his mother-in-law's estate of La Grange, forty miles from Paris. By-and-by Napoleon made overtures to win him over to his side. Through Talleyrand he offered him the dignity of senator and that of ambassador to the United States. But Lafayette refused both, and stood aloof from politics. This did not prevent him, however, opposing in a letter of remonstrance addressed to the First Consul himself, the proposition of making the Consuiship for life; nor from raising his voice against the infamous murder of the Duc D'Enghien.

Napoleon's retaliation was paltry; he revenged himself upon the father by withholding from his son, who was an officer in his army, the promotion that he had repeatedly merited.

In 1807 Lafayette lost his noble wife. From that time he caused her chamber to be shut up; thenceforth it was entered only once a year, on the anniversary of her death, and then only by himself, to spend the day in a tearful homage to her memory.* He always wore suspended from his neck a gold medallion, which contained her portrait; round it were engraved these words: "I am yours," and upon the back, "I was then a gentle companion to you." One of the last actions of his dying moments was to kiss and to weep over this last memento of a devoted love.

During the whole period of the Empire Lafayette remained secluded from the political world. At the Restoration he appeared at court in full uniform, and wearing the white cockade; but the royalists could not forget '89, and several semi-official attacks were made upon him. Deeply mortified at his reception, he

* In 1822 this pious devotion to the dead saved his life. He was about to put himself at the head of the Carbonari; the day fixed for the outbreak was that of that sad anniversary. But not even an event so momentous could induce him to neglect his self-imposed duty. During the twenty-four hours thus lost the plot burst up. But for that delay he would have been discovered in the midst of the conspirators; as it was, no proofs of complicity could be established against him.

quickly returned into the country. His vanity never pardoned the Bourbons for this wound upon his self-love; from that time he never ceased to be a thorn in their sides.

During the Hundred Days the department of Seine-et-Marne returned him to the elective chamber, of which he was named one of the vice-presidents. When Napoleon wished to dissolve that chamber Lafayette declared it permanent, and called upon the Emperor to abdicate. Lucien was sent to oppose the motion, but Lafayette was firm, and he carried the day. Yet, when the question was mooted whether peace should be purchased by the surrender of the fallen man, he nobly exclaimed: "I am surprised that in making so odious a proposition to the French nation you should have addressed yourself to the prisoner of Olmutz." Now that the great conqueror had fallen upon evil days, Lafayette forgot all political differences, all old animosities, and behaved to him with the utmost generosity and respect, even offering to provide him with the means of seeking a refuge in the United States.

With the re-entry of the Bourbons he retired once more into country life. La Grange and its possessor, as they appeared at this time, are thus admirably described by Lady Morgan:

In the midst of the fertile and luxurious wilderness, rising above prolific orchards and antiquated woods, appeared the five towers of La Grange Blesneau, tinged with the golden rays of the setting sun. Through the boles of the trees appeared the pretty village of Aubepierre. A remote view of the village of D'Hieres, with its gleaming river and romantic valley, was caught and lost alternately in the serpentine mazes of the rugged road; which accommodated to the groupings of the trees wound amidst branches laden with ripening fruit, till its rudeness suddenly subsided in the velvet lawn that immediately surrounded the castle. The deep moat, the draw-bridge, the ivied tower and arched portals opening into the square court, had a feudal and picturesque character.* We found General Lafayette surrounded by his patriarchal family, his excellent son and daughter-in-law, his two daughters, the sharers of his dungeon at Olmutz, and their husbands, eleven grandchildren, and a venerable grand uncle. . . . On the person of Lafayette time has left no impression; not a wrinkle furrows the ample brow, and his unbent and

noble figure is still as upright, bold, and vigorous as the mind that informs it. Grace, strength, and dignity still distinguish the fine person of this extraordinary man; who, though more than forty years before the world, does not yet appear to have reached his climacteric. Bustling and active in his farm, graceful and elegant in his saloon, it is difficult to trace in one of the most successful agriculturists, and one of the most perfect fine gentlemen that France has produced, a warrior and a legislator.

In this delicious retirement he lived until November 1818, when he was sent to the Elective Chambers by the Electoral College of Seine-et-Marne. He at once ranged himself upon the extreme left. Plunged once more into the excitement of political life, once more an actor to be applauded and admired upon the great stage, his vanity, his love of destructiveness, dislike of all constituted authority, and feverish desire for change, asserted themselves with all their old vigour. Experience had taught him nothing; every revolution abroad, every plot at home, secured his support and active help. He advocated the revolutions of Spain, of Portugal, of Naples, of Piedmont. Still dazzled by the vision of American republicanism, still believing in the practicability of its realization in France, and still proposing to himself to win the immortal renown of establishing that Utopia, he became the secret leader of Carbonarism, and was ready to involve France once more in blood and anarchy for the hope of realizing an idea. How narrowly he escaped being arrested in the very midst of the conspirators has been already recounted.* But like so many other valiant demagogues, he appears to have kept a very sharp look-out upon his own safety, and to have left the punishment to his tools.

In 1823, Lafayette — it was after the burst up of the Carbonari plot — lost his seat in the Chamber. He took this opportunity to revisit America. His reception was magnificent; from state to state his progress was one fête; triumphal arches, balls, feasts, flowers, deputations. The senate voted him back the two hundred thousand dollars that he had expended upon American freedom, and added thereto a complete township of land in North Carolina, which was called Lafayetteville. The gift was by no means unacceptable, for La Grange and Chavainac were the only estates con-

* Climbing about his porch was a parasitic plant which he used to point out to his visitors with much pride. It had been planted by the hand of Charles James Fox, with whom he had contracted a friendship during a short visit to England, just previous to his first expedition to America.

* See note to p. 806.

fiscation had left him, and at the time he was poor and in debt.

In 1823 he again became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1829, he revisited Chavainac, the place of his birth, and in passing through the country was everywhere received with an enthusiasm scarcely inferior to that which he had encountered in America. In Lyons, a crowd of not less than sixty thousand persons assembled to greet him.

At the first outbreak of the revolution of July he hastened to Paris. During the night of the twenty-eighth he personally visited the barricades, directing and stimulating, with all his old ardour, amidst the cheers of men, women, and children; once more he raised the tricolour upon the Hotel de Ville, and never rested until he had not only compelled the abdication of Charles, but driven him from his last shelter—Rambouillet.

But when the moment arrived to decide the future government of France, as usual he shrank back timorously from the Republic he had been working for, and declared in favour of constitutional monarchy. He now busied himself in the reconstruction of the National Guard, raising it to one million seven hundred thousand men. There was another grand installation, not so grand as that of 1790 perhaps, but sufficiently imposing, in which the citizen King presented to him the colours, and in which, amidst the acclamations of Paris, he was once more named commander of all the National Guards of the kingdom.

Yet no sooner was a regular government once more established than it discontented him; he resigned the command so recently bestowed, and ranged himself in his old place upon the extreme left.

One other last act of his strange, eventful life was to refuse the crown of Belgium, which had been offered him.

He died on the 20th of May, 1834, at the age of seventy-seven. His funeral was splendid and imposing, thousands of every grade of society attending it. Funeral honours were accorded to him in America; the Senate House was hung with black until the end of the session, and an eloquent eulogy upon his life was pronounced in full Congress. "He would fain be a Grandison Cromwell," said Mirabeau, speaking one day of the commander of the National Guards, whom he always secretly despised. "He

would coquette with the supreme authority without daring to seize it." There is much wit and felicity in that oddly compounded epithet "Grandison Cromwell." Imagine, if you can, by some impossible freak of fortune, Sir Charles Grandison thrust into the position of a Cromwell, and you will understand much of Lafayette's character and actions. He was a fine gentleman demagogue, who would have loved to rule over fine gentleman republicans. He was opposed to all aristocratic distinctions, but desired that the whole nation should be in perpetual salaam to *his* virtue, *his* genius, and *his* omnipotence.

The leading feature of Lafayette's character was VANITY. He was ambitious, not so much of real power as of its appearance, of *éclat*, and of vainglory. Self-consciousness of power was nothing to him unaccompanied by the acclamations of the mob. In whatever position he stood, in whatever society he found himself, whether it was that of kings, nobles, senators, soldiers, or shopkeepers, he desired to be the central figure, the cynosure of every eye and of all applause. He had not power of mind for supreme command; he burned for its *éclat*, but shrank from its responsibility. Thus, to stand between Louis the Sixteenth and the people, to be the protector and master of the one, the liberator and champion of the other, and the observed of all, was to obtain the acme of his ambition. In such leading-strings he would have held every government of France; the moment it escaped from his hands, and that other names were larger and more frequent in men's mouths, he became a revolutionist. During the whole reign of Napoleon, he entirely withdrew himself from public affairs, not only because he conscientiously disapproved of his rule, but because, in the presence of that iron will and splendid genius, he felt that he would be utterly insignificant. Courageous as a soldier, he was timid in resolution. A sincere enthusiast for republican institutions, he shrank from their realization. A man of energy and genius at the head of that vast citizen army of which he was the creator, would have determined the revolution in its earliest days; but when the moment for decisive action came, opposing fears and scruples paralyzed his will to impotency. In so excitable a country as France, he was a dangerous citizen; more dangerous in his weakness than he would have been had he been gifted

with daring and mental power ; for while especially adapted to destroy government, he had not the reconstructive genius of Cromwell or Napoleon, to give a something in their place. In fine, "he had every great quality, yet something was wanting in each."*

Yet, beneath all the weakness and vanity of the head, there beat a noble heart, in which love of liberty and hatred of despotism were enshrined in its highest place. The devotion of his person and fortune to the cause of American freedom is one of the most generous actions on record. The fortitude with which he endured his long and terrible imprisonment, and the ardour with which, in the gloom of his loathsome dungeon, he still fostered those dreams of liberty to which he owed all his sufferings, are traits of constancy and greatness of soul to which could be found but few parallels. To the poor, he was the most generous of friends—to the alleviation of their sufferings he devoted much of his income, and during the terrible cholera time in Paris, he himself bore from house to house food and wine, and medicine and money, and worked unceasingly to mitigate the horrors of sickness and death that raged around him. Above all, he was generous to fallen opponents. How hardly he strove to save Napoleon from the hands of his enemies, and how gratefully he remembered that to the fallen emperor, with the acts and policy of whom he had ever been at variance, he owed his release from the dungeon of Olmutz, have been already recorded in these pages. When, after the accession of Louis Philippe, the mob clamoured at the very doors for the lives of the Polignac Ministry, which he himself had worked so ardently to overthrow, he stood forth their champion and defended them from the popular rage.

In the light of so many amiable private virtues, let us bury the shadows of his political errors.

* Dumont.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK XII.

CHAPTER I.

THE last book closed with the success of the Parisian sortie on the 30th of No-

vember, to be followed by the terrible engagements, no less honourable to French valour, on the 2d of December. There was the sanguine belief that deliverance was at hand ; that Trochu would break through the circle of iron, and effect that junction with the army of Aurelles de Paladine which would compel the Germans to raise the investment ;—belief rudely shaken by Ducrot's proclamation of the 4th, to explain the recrossing of the Marne, and the abandonment of the positions conquered, but not altogether dispelled till Von Moltke's letter to Trochu on the 5th announcing the defeat of the army of the Loire and the recapture of Orleans. Even then the Parisians did not lose hope of succour ; and even after the desperate and fruitless sortie against Le Bourget on the 21st, it was not without witticisms on defeat and predictions of triumph, that Winter and Famine settled sullenly on the city.

Our narrative reopens with the last period of the siege.

It was during these dreadful days, that if the vilest and the most hideous aspects of the Parisian population showed themselves at the worst, so all its loveliest, its noblest, its holiest characteristics—unnoticed by ordinary observers in the prosperous days of the capital—became conspicuously prominent. The higher classes, including the remnant of the old *noblesse*, had during the whole siege exhibited qualities in notable contrast to those assigned them by the enemies of aristocracy. Their sons had been foremost among those soldiers who never calumniated a leader, never fled before a foe ; their women had been among the most zealous and the most tender nurses of the ambulances they had founded and served ; their houses had been freely opened, whether to the families exiled from the suburbs, or in supplement to the hospitals. The amount of relief they afforded unostentatiously, out of means that shared the general failure of accustomed resource, when the famine commenced, would be scarcely credible if stated. Admirable, too, were the fortitude and resignation of the genuine Parisian *bourgeoisie*—the thrifty tradesfolk and small *rentiers*—that class in which, to judge of its timidity when opposed to a mob, courage is not the most conspicuous virtue. Courage became so now—courage to bear hourly increasing privation, and to suppress every murmur of suffering that would discredit their patriotism, and invoke "peace at any price."

It was on this class that the calamities of the siege now pressed the most heavily. The stagnation of trade, and the stoppage of the rents, in which they had invested their savings, reduced many of them to actual want. Those only of their number who obtained the pay of one and a half franc a-day as National Guards, could be sure to escape from starvation. But this pay had already begun to demoralize the receivers. Scanty for supply of food, it was ample for supply of drink. And drunkenness, hitherto rare in that rank of the Parisians, became a prevalent vice, aggravated in the case of a National Guard when it wholly unfitted him for the duties he undertook, especially such National Guards as were raised from the most turbulent democracy of the working class.

But of all that population, there were two sections in which the most beautiful elements of our human nature were most touchingly manifest—the women and the priesthood, including in the latter denomination all the various brotherhoods and societies which religion formed and inspired.

It was on the 27th of December that Frederic Lemer cier stood gazing wistfully on a military report affixed to a blank wall, which stated that “the enemy, worn out by a resistance of over one hundred days,” had commenced the bombardment. Poor Frederic was sadly altered; he had escaped the Prussian guns, but not the Parisian winter—the severest known for twenty years. He was one of the many frozen at their posts—brought back to the ambulance with Fox in his bosom trying to keep him warm. He had only lately been sent forth as convalescent,—ambulances were too crowded to retain a patient longer than absolutely needful,—and had been hunger-pinched and frost-pinched ever since. The luxurious Frederic had still, somewhere or other, a capital yielding above three thousand a-year, and of which he could not now realize a franc, the title-deeds to various investments being in the hands of Duplessis—the most trustworthy of friends, the most upright of men, but who was in Bretagne, and could not be got at. And the time had come at Paris when you could not get trust for a pound of horse-flesh, or a daily supply of fuel. And Frederic Lemer cier, who had long since spent the 2000 francs borrowed from Alain (not ignobly, but somewhat ostentatiously, in feasting any acquaintance who wanted a

feast), and who had sold to any one who could afford to speculate on such dainty luxuries, clocks, bronzes, amber-mouthed pipes—all that had made the envied garniture of his bachelor’s apartment,—Frederic Lemer cier was, so far as the task of keeping body and soul together, worse off than any English pauper who can apply to the Union. Of course he might have claimed his half-pay of thirty sous as a National Guard. But he little knows the true Parisian who imagines a seigneur of the Chaussée d’Antin, the oracle of those with whom he lived, and one who knew life so well that he had preached prudence to a seigneur of the faubourg like Alain de Rochebriant, stooping to apply for the wages of thirty sous. Rations were only obtained by the wonderful patience of women, who had children to whom they were both saints and martyrs. The hours, the weary hours, one had to wait before one could get one’s place on the line for the distribution of that atrocious black bread defeated men,—defeated most wives if only for husbands,—were defied only by mothers and daughters. Literally speaking, Lemer cier was starving. Alain had been badly wounded in the sortie of the 21st, and was laid up in an ambulance. Even if he could have been got at, he had probably nothing left to bestow upon Lemer cier.

Lemer cier gazed on the announcement of the bombardment,—and the Parisian gaiety, which some French historian of the siege calls *douce philosophie*, lingering on him still, he said audibly, turning round to any stranger who heard: “Happiest of mortals that we are! Under the present Government we are never warned of anything disagreeable that can happen; we are only told of it when it has happened, and then as rather pleasant than otherwise. I get up. I meet a civil *gendarme*. ‘What is that firing? which of our provincial armies is taking Prussia in the rear?’ ‘Monsieur,’ says the *gendarme*, ‘it is the Prussian Krupp guns.’ I look at the proclamation, and my fears vanish,—my heart is relieved. I read that the bombardment is a sure sign that the enemy is worn out.”

Some of the men grouped round Frederic ducked their heads in terror; others, who knew that the thunderbolt launched from the plateau of Avron would not fall on the pavements of Paris, laughed and joked. But in front, with no sign of terror, no sound of laughter, stretched, moving inch by inch, the female proces-

sion towards the bakery in which the morsel of bread for their infants was doled out.

"Hist, *mon ami*," said a deep voice beside Lemercier. "Look at those women, and do not wound their ears by a jest."

Lemercier, offended by that rebuke, though too susceptible to good emotions not to recognize its justice, tried with feeble fingers to turn up his moustache, and to turn a defiant crest upon the rebuker. He was rather startled to see the tall martial form at his side, and to recognize Victor de Mauléon. "Don't you think, M. Lemercier," resumed the Vicomte, half sadly, "that these women are worthy of better husbands and sons than are commonly found among the soldiers whose uniform we wear?"

"The National Guard! You ought not to sneer at them, Vicomte,—you whose troop covered itself with glory on the great days of Villiers and Champigny,—you in whose praise even the grumblers of Paris became eloquent, and in whom a future Marshal of France is foretold."

"But, alas! more than half of my poor troop was left on the battle-field, or is now wrestling for mangled remains of life in the ambulances. And the new recruits with which I took the field on the 21st are not likely to cover themselves with glory, or insure to their commander the baton of a marshal."

"Ay, I heard when I was in the hospital that you had publicly shamed some of these recruits, and declared that you would rather resign than lead them again to battle."

"True; and at this moment, for so doing, I am the man most hated by the rabble who supplied those recruits."

The men, while thus conversing, had moved slowly on, and were now in front of a large *café*, from the interior of which came the sound of loud bravos and clappings of hands. Lemercier's curiosity was excited. "For what can be that applause?" he said; "let us look in and see."

The room was thronged. In the distance, on a small raised platform, stood a girl dressed in faded theatrical finery, making her obeisance to the crowd.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Frederic—"can I trust my eyes! Surely that is the once superb Julie: has she been dancing here?"

One of the loungers, evidently belonging to the same world as Lemercier, overheard the question, and answered politely: "No, Monsieur: she has been

reciting verses, and really declaims very well, considering it is not her vocation. She has given us extracts from Victor Hugo and De Musset: and crowned all with a patriotic hymn by Gustave Rameau,—her old lover, if gossip be true."

Meanwhile De Mauléon, who at first had glanced over the scene with his usual air of calm and cold indifference, became suddenly struck by the girl's beautiful face, and gazed on it with a look of startled surprise.

"Who and what did you say that poor fair creature is, M. Lemercier?"

"She is a Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin, and was a very popular *coryphée*. She has hereditary right to be a good dancer as the daughter of a once more famous ornament of the ballet, *la belle Léonie*—whom you must have seen in your young days."

"Of course. Léonie—she married a M. Surville, a silly *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who earned the hatred of Paris by taking her off the stage. So that is her daughter! I see no likeness to her mother—much handsomer. Why does she call herself Caumartin?"

"Oh," said Frederic, "a melancholy but trite story. Léonie was left a widow, and died in want. What could the poor young daughter do? She found a rich protector who had influence to get her an appointment in the ballet: and there she did as most girls so circumstanced do—appeared under an assumed name, which she has since kept."

"I understand," said Victor, compassionately. "Poor thing! she has quitted the platform, and is coming this way, evidently to speak to you. I saw her eyes brighten as she caught sight of your face."

Lemercier attempted a languid air of modest self-complacency as the girl now approached him. "*Bon jour*, M. Frederic! *Ah, mon Dieu!* how thin you have grown! You have been ill?"

"The hardships of a military life, Mademoiselle. Ah, for the *beaux jours*, and the peace we insisted on destroying under the Empire which we destroyed for listening to us! But you thrive well, I trust. I have seen you better dressed, but never in greater beauty."

The girl blushed as she replied, "Do you really think as you speak?"

"I could not speak more sincerely if I lived in the legendary House of Glass."

The girl clutched his arm, and said in suppressed tones, "Where is Gustave?"

"Gustave Rameau? I have no idea. Do you never see him now?"

"Never,—perhaps I never shall see him again; but when you do meet him, say that Julie owes to him her livelihood. An honest livelihood, Monsieur. He taught her to love verses—told her how to recite them. I am engaged at this *café*—you will find me here the same hour every day, in case—in case.—You are good and kind, and will come and tell me that Gustave is well and happy even if he forgets me. *Au revoir!* Stop, you do look, my poor Frederic, as if—as if—pardon me, Monsieur Lemercier, is there anything I can do? Will you condescend to borrow from me? I am in funds."

Lemercier at that offer was nearly moved to tears. Famished though he was, he could not, however, have touched that girl's earnings.

"You are an angel of goodness, Made-moiselle! Ah, how I envy Gustave Rameau! No, I don't want aid. I am always a—*rentier*."

"*Bien!* and if you see Gustave, you will not forget."

"Rely on me. Come away," he said to De Mauléon. "I don't want to hear that girl repeat the sort of bombast the poets indite nowadays. It is fustian; and that girl may have a brain of feather, but she has a heart of gold."

"True," said Victor, as they regained the street. "I overheard what she said to you. What an incomprehensible thing is a woman! how more incomprehensible still is a woman's love! Ah, pardon me. I must leave you; I see in the procession a poor woman known to me in better days."

De Mauléon walked towards the woman he spoke of—one of the long procession to the bakery—a child clinging to her robe. A pale, grief-worn woman, still young, but with the weariness of age on her face, and the shadow of death on her child's.

"I think I see Madame Monnier," said De Mauléon, softly.

She turned and looked at him drearily. A year ago, she would have blushed if addressed by a stranger in a name not lawfully hers.

"Well," she said, in hollow accents broken by cough; "I don't know you, Monsieur."

"Poor woman!" he resumed, walking beside her as she moved slowly on, while the eyes of other women in the procession stared at him hungrily. "And your child looks ill too. It is your youngest?"

"My only one! The others are in Père la Chaise. There are but few children

alive in my street now. God has been very merciful and taken them to Himself."

De Mauléon recalled the scene of a neat comfortable apartment, and the healthful happy children at play on the floor. The mortality among the little ones, especially in the *quartier* occupied by the working classes, had of late been terrible. The want of food, of fuel, the intense severity of the weather, had swept them off as by a pestilence.

"And Monnier—what of him? No doubt he is a National Guard, and has his pay?"

The woman made no answer, but hung down her head. She was stifling a sob. Till then her eyes seemed to have exhausted the last source of tears.

"He lives still?" continued Victor, pityingly: "he is not wounded?"

"No: he is well—in health, thank you kindly, Monsieur."

"But his pay is not enough to help you, and of course he can get no work. Excuse me if I stopped you. It is because I owed Armand Monnier a little debt for work, and I am ashamed to say that it quite escaped my memory in these terrible events. Allow me, Madame, to pay it to you," and he thrust his purse into her hand. "I think this contains about the sum I owed; if more or less, we will settle the difference later. Take care of yourself."

He was turning away when the woman caught hold of him.

"Stay, Monsieur. May Heaven bless you!—but—but—tell me what name I am to give to Armand. I can't think of any one who owed him money. It must have been before that dreadful strike, the beginning of all our woes. Ah, if it were allowed to curse any one, I fear my last breath would not be a prayer."

"You would curse the strike, or the master who did not forgive Armand's share in it?"

"No, no,—the cruel man who talked him into it—into all that has changed the best workman, the kindest heart—the—the——" Again her voice died in sobs.

"And who was that man?" asked De Mauléon, falteringly.

"His name was Lebeau. If you were a poor man, I should say, 'Shun him.'"

"I have heard of the name you mention; but if we mean the same person, Monnier cannot have met him lately. He has not been in Paris since the siege."

"I suppose not, the coward! He ruined us—us who were so happy before; and then, as Armand says, cast us away

as instruments he had done with. But — but if you do know him, and do see him again, tell him — tell him not to complete his wrong — not to bring murder on Armand's soul. For Armand isn't what he was — and has become, oh, so violent! I dare not take this money without saying who gave it. He would not take money as alms from an aristocrat. Hush! he beat me for taking money from the good Monsieur Raoul de Vandemar — my poor Armand beat me!"

De Mauléon shuddered. "Say that it is from a customer whose rooms he decorated in his spare hours on his own account before the strike, — Monsieur —," here he uttered indistinctly some unpronounceable name, and hurried off, soon lost as the streets grew darker. Amid groups of a higher order of men — military men, nobles, *ci-devant* deputies — among such ones his name stood very high. Not only his bravery in the recent sorties had been signal, but a strong belief in his military talents had become prevalent; and conjoined with the name he had before established as a political writer, and the remembrance of the vigour and sagacity with which he had opposed the war, he seemed certain, when peace and order became re-established, of a brilliant position and career in a future administration. Not less because he had steadfastly kept aloof from the existing Government, which it was rumoured, rightly or erroneously, that he had been solicited to join; and from every combination of the various democratic or discontented factions.

Quitting these more distinguished associates, he took his way alone towards the ramparts. The day was closing; the thunders of the cannon were dying down.

He passed by a wine-shop round which were gathered many of the worst specimens of the *Moblots* and National Guards, mostly drunk, and loudly talking in vehement abuse of generals and officers and commissariat. By one of the men, as he came under the glare of a petroleum lamp (there was gas no longer in the dismal city), he was recognized as the commander who had dared to insist on discipline, and disgrace honest patriots who claimed to themselves the sole option between fight and flight. The man was one of those patriots — one of the new recruits whom Victor had shamed and dismissed for mutiny and cowardice. He made a drunken plunge at his former chief, shouting, "*A bas l'aristo!* Comrades, this is the *coquin* De Mauléon who is

paid by the Prussians for getting us killed: *à la lanterne!*" "*A la lanterne!*" stammered and hiccupped others of the group; but they did not stir to execute their threat. Dimly seen as the stern face and sinewy form of the threatened man was by their drowsied eyes, the name of De Mauléon, the man without fear of a foe, and without ruth for a mutineer, sufficed to protect him from outrage; and with a slight movement of his arm that sent his denouncer reeling against the lamp-post, De Mauléon passed on: — when another man, in the uniform of a National Guard, bounded from the door of the tavern, crying with a loud voice, "Who said De Mauléon? — let me look on him:" and Victor, who had strode on with slow lion-like steps, cleaving the crowd, turned, and saw before him in the gleaming light a face, in which the bold, frank, intelligent aspect of former days was lost in a wild, reckless, savage expression — the face of Armand Monnier.

"Ha! are you really Victor de Mauléon?" asked Monnier, not fiercely, but under his breath, — in that sort of stage whisper which is the natural utterance of excited men under the mingled influence of potent drink and hoarded rage.

"Certainly; I am Victor de Mauléon."

"And you were in command of the — company of the National Guard on the 30th of November at Champigny and Villiers?"

"I was."

"And you shot with your own hand an officer belonging to another company who refused to join yours?"

"I shot a cowardly soldier who ran away from the enemy, and seemed a ringleader of other runaways; and in so doing, I saved from dishonour the best part of his comrades."

"The man was no coward. He was an enlightened Frenchman, and worth fifty of such *aristos* as you; and he knew better than his officers that he was to be led to an idle slaughter. Idle — I say idle. What was France the better, how was Paris the safer, for the senseless butchery of that day? You mutinied against a wiser general than Saint Trochu when you murdered that mutineer."

"Armand Monnier, you are not quite sober to-night, or I would argue with you that question. But you no doubt are brave: how and why do you take the part of a runaway?"

"How and why? He was my brother, and you own you murdered him: my

brother—the sagest head in Paris. If I had listened to him, I should not be,—*bah!*—no matter now what I am.”

“I could not know he was your brother; but if he had been mine I would have done the same.”

Here Victor's lip quivered, for Monnier gripped him by the arm, and looked him in the face with wild stony eyes.

“I recollect that voice! Yet—yet—you say you are a noble, a Vicomte—Victor de Mauléon! and you shot my brother!”

Here he passed his left hand rapidly over his forehead. The fumes of wine clouded his mind, but rays of intelligence broke through the cloud. Suddenly he said in a loud, and calm, and natural voice,—

“Mons. le Vicomte, you accost me as Armand Monnier—pray how do you know my name?”

“How should I not know it? I have looked into the meetings of the ‘Clubs rouges.’ I have heard you speak, and naturally asked your name. *Bon soir*, M. Monnier! When you reflect in cooler moments, you will see that if patriots excuse Brutus for first dishonouring and then executing his own son, an officer charged to defend his country may be surely pardoned for slaying a runaway to whom he was no relation, when in slaying he saved the man's name and kindred from dishonour, unless, indeed, you insist on telling the world why he was slain.”

“I know your voice—I know it. Every sound becomes clearer to my ear. And if —”

But while Monnier thus spoke, De Mauléon had hastened on. Monnier looked round, saw him gone, but did not pursue. He was just intoxicated enough to know that his footsteps were not steady, and he turned back to the wine-shop and asked surlily for more wine.

Could you have seen him then as he leant swinging himself to and fro against the wall,—had you known the man two years ago, you would have been a brute if you felt disgust. You could only have felt that profound compassion with which we gaze on a great royalty fallen. For the grandest of all royalties is that which takes its crown from Nature, needing no accident of birth. And Nature made the mind of Armand Monnier kinglike; endowed it with lofty scorn of meanness and falsehood and dishonour, with warmth and tenderness of heart which had glow enough to spare from ties of

kindred and hearth and home, to extend to those distant circles of humanity over which royal natures would fain extend the shadow of their sceptre.

How had the royalty of the man's nature fallen thus? Royalty rarely falls from its own constitutional faults. It falls when, ceasing to be royal, it becomes subservient to bad advisers. And what bad advisers, always appealing to his better qualities and so enlisting his worse, had disrowned this mechanic?

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, says the old-fashioned poet. “Not so,” says the modern philosopher; “a little knowledge is safer than no knowledge.” Possibly, as all individuals and all communities must go through the stage of a little knowledge before they can arrive at that of much knowledge, the philosopher's assertion may be right in the long-run, and applied to humankind in general. But there is a period, as there is a class, in which a little knowledge tends to terrible demoralization. And Armand Monnier lived in that period and was one of that class. The little knowledge that his mind, impulsive and ardent, had picked up out of books that warred with the great foundations of existing society, had originated in ill advices. A man stored with much knowledge would never have let Madame de Grantmesnil's denunciations of marriage rites, or Louis Blanc's vindication of Robespierre as the representative of the working against the middle class, influence his practical life. He would have assessed such opinions at their real worth; and whatever that worth might seem to him, would not to such opinions have committed the conduct of his life. Opinion is not fateful: conduct is. A little knowledge crazes an earnest, warm-blooded, powerful creature like Armand Monnier into a fanatic. He takes an opinion which pleases him as a revelation from the gods; that opinion shapes his conduct; that conduct is his fate. Woe to the philosopher who serenely flings before the little knowledge of the artisan, dogmas as harmless as the Atlantis of Plato if only to be discussed by philosophers, and deadly as the torches of Atë, if seized as articles of a creed by fanatics! But thrice woe to the artisan who makes himself the zealot of the Dogma!

Poor Armand acts on the opinions he adopts; proves his contempt for the marriage state by living with the wife of another; resents, as natures so inherently

manly must do, the Society that visits on her his defiance of its laws; throws himself, head foremost, against that Society altogether; necessarily joins all who have other reasons for hostility to Society; he himself having every inducement not to join indiscriminate strikes—high wages, a liberal employer, ample savings, the certainty of soon becoming employer himself. No; that is not enough to the fanatic: he persists on being dupe and victim. He, this great king of labour, crowned by Nature, and cursed with that degree of little knowledge which does not comprehend how much more is required before a schoolboy would admit it to be knowledge at all,—he rushes into the maddest of all speculations—that of the artisan with little knowledge and enormous faith—that which intrusts the safety and repose and dignity of life to some ambitious adventurer, who uses his warm heart for the adventurer's frigid purpose, much as the lawyer-government of September used the Communists,—much as, in every revolution of France, a Bertrand has used a Raton—much as, till the sound of the last trumpet, men very much worse than Victor de Mauléon will use men very much better than Armand Monnier, if the Armand Monniers disdain the modesty of an Isaac Newton on hearing that a theorem to which he had given all the strength of his patient meaning was disputed. "It may be so;" meaning, I suppose, that it requires a large amount of experience ascertained before a man of much knowledge becomes that which a man of little knowledge is at a jump—the fanatic of an experiment untried.

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY had De Mauléon quitted Lemerrier before the latter was joined by two loungers scarcely less famished than himself—Savarin and De Brézé. Like himself, too, both had been sufferers from illness, though not of a nature to be consigned to a hospital. All manner of diseases then had combined to form the pestilence which filled the streets with unregarded hearse—bronchitis, pneumonia, small-pox, a strange sort of spurious dysentery much more speedily fatal than the genuine. The three men, a year before so sleek, looked like ghosts under the withering sky; yet all three retained embers of the native Parisian humour, which their very breath on meeting sufficed to kindle up into jubilant sparks or rapid flashes.

"There are two consolations," said Savarin, as the friends strolled or rather crawled towards the Boulevards—"two consolations for the *gourmet* and for the proprietor in these days of trial for the gourmand, because the price of truffles is come down."

"Truffles!" gasped De Brézé, with watering mouth; "impossible! They are gone with the age of gold."

"Not so. I speak on the best authority—my laundress; for she attends the *succursale* in the Rue de Chateaudun; and if the poor woman, being, luckily for me, a childless widow, gets a morsel she can spare, she sells it to me."

"Sells it!" feebly exclaimed Lemerrier. "Cræsus! you have money, then, and can buy?"

"Sells it—on credit! I am to pension her for life if I live to have money again. Don't interrupt me. This honest woman goes this morning to the *succursale*. I promise myself a delicious *bifteck* of horse. She gains the *succursale*, and the *employé* informs her that there is nothing left in his store except—truffles. A glut of those in the market allows him to offer her a bargain—7 francs *la boîte*. Send me seven francs, De Brézé, and you shall share the banquet."

De Brézé shook his head expressively.

"But," resumed Savarin, "though credit exists no more except with my laundress, upon terms of which the usury is necessarily proportioned to the risk, yet, as I had the honour before to observe, there is comfort for the proprietor. The instinct of property is imperishable."

"Not in the house where I lodge," said Lemerrier. "Two soldiers were billeted there; and during my stay in the ambulance they enter my rooms and cart away all of the little furniture left there, except a bed and a table. Brought before a court-martial, they defend themselves by saying, 'The rooms were abandoned.' The excuse was held valid. They were let off with a reprimand, and a promise to restore what was not already disposed of. They have restored me another table and four chairs."

"Nevertheless they had the instinct of property, though erroneously developed, otherwise they would not have deemed any excuse for their act necessary. Now for my instance of the inherent tenacity of that instinct. A worthy citizen in want of fuel sees a door in a garden wall, and naturally carries off the door. He is apprehended by a *gendarme* who sees the act. '*Voleur*,' he cries to the gen-

darme, 'do you want to rob me of my property?' 'That door your property? I saw you take it away.' 'You confess,' cries the citizen, triumphantly—'you confess that it is my property; for you saw me appropriate it.' Thus you see how imperishable is the instinct of property. No sooner does it disappear as yours, than it reappears as mine."

"I would laugh if I could," said Lemerrier, "but such a convulsion would be fatal. *Dieu des dieux*, how empty I am!" He reeled as he spoke, and clung to De Brézé for support. De Brézé had the reputation of being the most selfish of men. But at that moment, when a generous man might be excused for being selfish enough to desire to keep the little that he had for his own reprieve from starvation, this egotist became superb. "Friends," he cried, with enthusiasm, "I have something yet in my pocket; we will dine, all three of us."

"Dine!" faltered Lemerrier. "Dine! I have not dined since I left the hospital. I breakfasted yesterday—on two mice upon toast. Dainty, but not nutritious. And I shared them with Fox."

"Fox! Fox lives still, then?" cried De Brézé, startled.

"In a sort of way he does. But one mouse since yesterday morning is not much; and he can't expect that every day."

"Why don't you take him out?" asked Savarin. "Give him a chance of picking up a bone somewhere."

"I dare not. He would be picked up himself. Dogs are getting very valuable: they sell for 50 francs apiece. Come, De Brézé, where are we to dine?"

"I and Savarin can dine at the London Tavern upon rat *pâté* or jugged cat. But it would be impertinence to invite a satrap like yourself, who has a whole dog in his larder—a dish of 50 francs—a dish for a king. Adieu, my dear Frederic. *Adieu*, Savarin."

"I feasted you on better meats than dog when I could afford it," said Frederic, plaintively; "and the first time you invite me you retract the invitation. Be it so. *Bon appétit*."

"*Bah!*" said De Brézé, catching Frederic's arm as he turned to depart. "Of course I was but jesting. Only another day, when my pockets will be empty, do think what an excellent thing a roasted dog is, and make up your mind while Fox has still some little flesh on his bones."

"Flesh!" said Savarin, detaining

them. "Look! See how right Voltaire was in saying, 'Amusement is the first necessity of civilized man.' Paris can do without bread: Paris still retains Polichinello."

He pointed to the puppet-show, round which a crowd, not of children alone, but of men—middle-aged and old—were collected; while sous were dropped into the tin handed round by a squalid boy.

"And, *mon ami*," whispered De Brézé to Lemerrier, with the voice of a tempting fiend, "observe how Punch is without his dog."

It was true. The dog was gone,—its place supplied by a melancholy emaciated cat.

Frederic crawled towards the squalid boy. "What has become of Punch's dog?"

"We ate him last Sunday. Next Sunday we shall have the cat in a pie," said the urchin, with a sensual smack of the lips.

"O Fox! Fox!" murmured Frederic, as the three men went slowly down through the darkening streets—the roar of the Prussian guns heard afar, while distinct and near rang the laugh of the idlers round the Punch without a dog.

From Temple Bar.

A GENUINE NORWAY RAT.

MORE than a hundred and fifty years ago, when gallant men and beautiful women were intriguing to bring about the restoration of the Stuarts, this country was being rapidly invaded by a new species of Rodent. Wherever it settled itself, the familiar black rat, which a few generations before had also been an invader, gradually disappeared, being either eaten up or gradually absorbed by the stronger and more voracious race. If the Jacobites among our forefathers were unfortunate in their adherence to the ancient line of kings, and were doomed to suffer in purse and person for their loyalty, they took their revenge in many a humorous sally at the expense of the usurpers, as the house of Hanover were then designated by the Jacobites and their supporters. A Jacobite wag gravely associated the invasion of the country by the brown rat with the coming of our first Hanoverian monarch, and dubbed the long-tailed and whiskered freebooter who took possession of lodgings and victuals without asking "by your leave,"

the Hanoverian rat. What was the peasantry of a few in a generation became the belief of the many, and within the past quarter of a century we have known more than one aged person, who could speak of "the forty-five" at second hand, who religiously believed that the first brown rat ever seen in these islands came across in the ship which brought the new dynasty to England.

Another section of the public believed that the brown rat came from Norway, and to this day, among the vulgar, it is spoken of as the Norway rat. It is needless to tell our readers that neither of these titles was correct, as it has long been established that the brown rat hails from the far East—from the cradle of the human race, in Asia Minor, whence it has accompanied man in all his wanderings over the earth, sharing his poverty and his affluence; eating contentedly of the humble provender of the poor, and levying a toll on the luxuries of nobles and of kings.

The Norway rat, of which we wish to say a few words, is the LEMMING, a species of the mouse tribe, somewhat smaller than the guinea pig, to which in form it bears a considerable resemblance, only the head and body are flatter. Its length is about six inches, of which the short stump of a tail forms half an inch. It is black in colour, mottled with tawny spots, which vary in their disposition in different individuals, and the belly is white, with a slight tinge of yellow. The fore legs are short and strong, and the hind legs are nearly one half longer than the former, enabling it to run with considerable speed. The feet are armed with strong hooked claws, five in number, enabling it to burrow in the earth and among the frozen snows of its native region. Its cheeks are blanched, and it sports a pair of long light whiskers, and its eyes, though small, are beautifully black and piercing. The lip is divided, and the ears are small and sharply pointed. As its home borders on the region of eternal snow, in the valleys of the Kolen Mountains which separate Sweden from Nordland, its hair is both thick and soft, and becomes almost white during the long and cheerless winter of these inhospitable regions. The skin is much thinner than in any of its congeners. When enraged it gives utterance to a sharp yelp similar to that of a month-old terrier whelp.

If not so active and frisky as its brown congener, it a lively little fellow when

met with in its native haunts during the short summer—now sitting on its haunches nibbling at a piece of lichen, or the catkins of the birch, which it conveys to its mouth with its forepaws, after the manner of the squirrel, or engaging in a romp with its fellows, popping in and out of its burrow in the earth where it sleeps and rears its young, of which the female has two or three litters annually, numbering from five to seven in each. It is a most audacious little fellow, and fears neither man nor beast, refusing to give way save on the compulsion of superior force. Travellers speak of having seen them frisking about in hundreds in their native forests, when they dispute the path even with man. From the vantage ground of the mounds of earth at the entrance to their burrows, they sit on their beam ends and scan the intruders with comical gravity. If the traveller has a dog with him, unhappily ignorant of the ways of this cool and impudent varmint, he will likely advance with the easy *nonchalance* of his tribe to smell the odd little animal—which betrays no fear at his approach,—to be rewarded by a sharp and trenchant bite on the nose; a reception so sudden and unexpected that it is ten chances to one against his prosecuting his investigations further, for a dog is too well bred to attack any strange living object which awaits his approach, and his natural politeness is increased in favour of an animal which, as the Scotch proverb hath it, "Takes the first word of 'Flying,'" *i.e.*, inaugurates hostilities.

Unlike many of its congeners, the Lemming does not provide a sufficient store of food to last it through the long winter, when the earth is covered with snow, and as it does not hibernate, it is driven to many a hard shift in its struggle for a subsistence. It devours the bark of trees and small twigs, and drives tunnels through the snow along the surface of the ground, eating every shred of vegetation it meets with. These food burrows are all connected with a main burrow, leading to its home in the earth, which is ventilated by a hole driven obliquely through the snow to the surface. These air shafts guide the Arctic fox and the Ermine to their whereabouts, and they devour many of them, while kites and other predaceous birds are ever on the watch to pick them up when they emerge upon the surface. The natives of these regions kill and eat them during summer, when they are in good condition; and a

travelled friend of ours, who has partaken of its flesh, speaks of it as a most valuable addition to their scanty *cuisine*. When captured young it is easily tamed, and becomes an interesting pet. We saw one once in the possession of a Montrose skipper, which allowed itself to be handled and fed out of the hand, but it had an awkward habit of fixing its incisors into the fingers of an incautious admirer on the smallest provocation. During summer they swarm with vermin to such an extent that, although when examined singly they can scarcely be discerned by the naked eye, they change the colour of the animal to a dull red.

The Lemming multiplies so rapidly, that in the course of ten or twelve seasons food becomes scarce, and on the approach of some winter when the food question has become one of life or death, the overstocked market is relieved by an expedient unparalleled in its nature among four-footed animals. This singular little creature is so local in its habits, that, unless under the circumstances we are about to narrate, it never leaves the mountain regions to establish itself on the plains, where food is more abundant.

The inhuman suggestion of a modern writer that our paupers should be packed into rotten ships, which should be sent out to sea and scuttled, is something like the method adopted by the Lemmings themselves, to avert the famine which threatens to annihilate the entire species. When the time for the settlement of the question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation can no longer be delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into the plains, and the vast army of martyrs being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream, often exceeding a mile in length and many yards in breadth, devouring every green thing in their line of march; the country over which they have passed looking as if it had been ploughed, or burned with fire. They march principally by night, and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance.

When the Reindeer gets enveloped in the living stream, they will not even go round its limbs, but bite its legs until, in

its agony and terror, it plunges madly about, crushing them to death in hundreds, and even killing them with its teeth. If a man attempts to stem the living torrent, they leap upon his legs; and if he lay about him with a stick, they seize it with their teeth, and hold on to it with such determined pertinacity that he may swing it rapidly round his head without compelling them to loosen their hold. If a corn or hay rick be in the way, they eat their way through it; and on arriving at the smooth face of a rock, they pass round it, forming up in close column again on the other side. Lakes, however broad, are boldly entered, and the passage attempted; and rivers, however deep and rapid, are forded, impediments in the water being as boldly faced as those on shore. They have been known to pass over a boat and to climb on to the deck of a ship, passing without stop or stay into the water on the further side.

Their natural instincts are not in abeyance during this migration, as females are frequently seen accompanied by their young, and carrying in their teeth some one which had succumbed to the fatigues of the march, which might not be stayed until the helpless one was recruited.

Foxes, Lynxes, Weasels, Kites, Owls, &c., hover on their line of march and destroy them in hundreds. The fish in the rivers and lakes lay a heavy toll upon them, and vast numbers are drowned, and die by other accidents in "flood and field;" but the survivors, impelled by some irresistible instinct, press onwards with no thought of stopping, until they lose themselves in the sea, sinking in its depths as they become exhausted in such numbers that for miles their bodies, thrown up by the tide, lie putrefying on the shore. Comparatively few ever return to their native haunts, but there can be no doubt that some do so, as they have been seen on the return, pursuing their backward journey in the same fearless and determined manner as their advance.

The peasants witness this dread incursion with terror. Until lately they believed that the vast horde was rained from heaven as a punishment for their sins, and during the time of their passage they used to assemble in the churches, the priests reciting prayers specially composed for such visitations. It was also believed that the Reindeer ate them, and that they so poisoned the ground they passed over that they would not eat on it for a considerable time. As we have seen, the reindeer bites them with its

teeth in its agony and terror, and the complete sweep they make of every blade of grass on their line of march satisfactorily accounts for its declining for a time to graze upon it.

A recent writer tells us, that in addition to this wholesale migration, which takes place about twice during a quarter of a century, smaller migrations occur, in which many are killed, while others live to return to their haunts; but as there are several species of lemmings spread over the northern regions of both the old and the new world, he may allude to another variety than the one we have been dealing with, which is the *Mus lemmus* of Linnæus and Pallas.

The superstitious notions and wonderful reports once prevalent with regard to the lemming, as recorded by old writers, are not without interest. Olaus Magnus says :

In the foresaid Helsingia, and provinces that are near to it, in the diocese of Upsal, small beasts with four feet, that they call Lemmar or Lemmus, as big as a rat, with a skin diverse-coloured, fall out of the ayr in tempests and sudden storms; but no man knows from whence they come — whether from the remoter islands, and are brought hither by the wind, or else they breed of feculent matter in the clouds; yet this is proved, that so soon as they fall down there is found green grass in their bellies not yet digested. These, like locusts, falling in great swarms, destroy all green things, and all dyes they bite on, by the venome of them. This swarm lives so long as they feed on new grass. Also they come together in troops like swallows that are ready to fly away; but at the set time they either dye in heaps with a contagion of the earth (by the corruption of them the ayr grows pestilentiall and the people are troubled with vertigos or the jaundice); or they are devoured by beasts called commonly lekeirt or hermalins, and these Ermines grow fat thereby, and their skins grow larger."

Schæffer, whom we next cite, believed that

They sometimes make war, and divide themselves into two armies along the lakes and meadows. They seem likewise to commit suicide, for they are found suspended in the branches of trees; and they probably throw themselves in troops into waters, like the swallows.

Although prepared to believe that they hanged themselves, he did not believe that they were bred in the clouds. He says :

Wormius thinks plainly that they are bred in the clouds; but the learned Isaac Rossius,

in his notes to Pomponius Mela, corrects him and says, the reason why these animals are supposed to fall from the clouds is, because they used not to appear, but immediately after rain they creep out of their holes, either for that they are filled with water, or because this creature thrives much in rain, which opinion seems most probable to me.

Pontoppidan, writing at a later period, says :

They multiply very fast by what we see of them, though, God be praised, but seldom, i.e., about once or twice in twenty years, when they come from their peculiar abodes. At these times they gather in great flocks together, consisting of many thousands, like the hosts of God, to execute His will — i.e., to punish the neighbouring inhabitants by destroying the seed, corn, and grass; for when this flock advances they make a visible pathway on the earth or ground, cutting off all that is green, and this they have power and strength to do till they reach their appointed bounds, which is the sea, in which they swim a little about, and then sink and drown.

Pontoppidan, who had never seen the Lemming alive, although he collected a large amount of interesting information, credible and incredible, regarding it, notes a holiday held in his time throughout Bergen, termed a mouse festival, which had so far degenerated from its ancient purpose, that the peasants put on their holiday clothes and went to sleep. In former times the day was kept as a solemn fast "to avert the plague of lemmings and other mice, which some pretend have been used to fall down formerly from the clouds."

Wormius, in his treatise on the Lemming, gives an exorcism used on such occasions, of which the following is a translation :

I exorcise you, pestiferous worms, mice, birds, locusts, or other animals, by God the Father Almighty, and Jesus Christ his Son, and the Holy Ghost proceeding from both, that you depart immediately from these fields, or vineyards, or waters, and dwell in them no longer, but go away to those places in which you can harm no person; and on the part of the Almighty God, and the whole heavenly choir, and the holy Church of God, cursing you whithersoever ye shall go, daily wasting away and decreasing until no remains of you are found in any place, unless necessary to the health and use of man, which may He vouchsafe to do who shall come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. Amen.

A Mr. Kmedtzan, who says he was an eye-witness of what he describes, informed Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, the author of the admirable books of travel

in Sweden and Lapland, that they cross rivers by forming a kind of pontoon bridge with their bodies, the head of each being supported by the hind quarters of the one in advance; and that on this living bridge "the remainder of the army pass rapidly over the backs of the supporters and gain the opposite shore." This method of crossing a river is simply impossible, and is moreover quite unnecessary, as the little animal is a first-rate swimmer and has no dread of the water. The weight of the passing freight would sink the living bridge and drown its unfortunate component parts, and the flow of the stream, even in a quiet pool, would prevent its cohering.

Travelling rapidly and by night, their sudden irruption into a locality, together with the complete destruction of the field and garden crops, tended to make the ignorant peasantry look upon them as a special visitation from Providence for their sins, and will readily account for the extraordinary notions held regarding them. The case of educated men who have averred that they have seen the reindeer eat them, and have witnessed them cross a river in the manner described above, is different, and proves how difficult it is for even intelligent and cultivated men to adhere to facts whenever a temptation to the marvellous presents itself.

In the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xxi., Sir Paul Rycant, in a communication to Mr. Ellis, says that in their march—

When they are met in woods or fields, and stopped, they sit themselves upon their hinder feet like a dog, and make a kind of barking or squeaking noise, leaping as high as a man's knee, or near eight feet (there must have been giants in those days!) defending their line as long as they can; and if at last they be forced out of it, they creep into holes, and set up a cry sounding like *crabb, crabb*. They never come into any house, nor meddle with anything that is man's meat; if a house happen to be in their way, *there they stop till they die*.

Goldsmith accepts the latter statement without remark; he also says that

If the leader be forced out of its line, which it defends as long as it can, and be separated from the rest of its kind, it sets up a plaintive cry different from that of anger, and as some pretend to say, *gives itself a voluntary death by hanging itself on the fork of a tree*. . . . After committing incredible devastations, they are at last seen to separate into two armies, opposed with deadly hatred, along the coasts of the larger lakes and rivers. The Laplanders, who observe them thus drawn up to fight,

instead of considering their mutual animosities as an happy riddance of the most dreadful pest, form ominous prognostics from the manner of their arrangement. They consider their combats as a presage of war, and expect an invasion from the Russians or the Swedes, as the sides next those kingdoms happen to conquer. . . . From that time they utterly disappear, nor is it well known what befalls of either the conquerors or the conquered. Some suppose that they rush headlong into the sea, others that they kill themselves, as some are found hanging on the forked branches of trees. But the most probable opinion is that, having devoured the vegetable productions of the country, and having nothing more to subsist on, they then fall to devouring each other, and having habituated themselves to that kind of food, continue it. . . . They also seem to infect the plants they have gnawed, for the cattle often die that afterwards feed in the places where they passed.

Many animals migrate from place to place, or take possession of new territory, when food becomes scarce; but we have only one other instance of a living creature migrating in vast numbers to certain destruction, and that is the locust. When their numbers increase beyond the food-producing powers of their natural habitat, they pour in countless millions into the colder regions beyond, smothering each other in their flight, until the ground is covered with their dead bodies to the depth of several inches, and water-courses are choked up by them, until the air is tainted with the smell of their putrid bodies for miles. Not one of them ever returns from whence they came. Their course is always onward, until those that escape death by accident are killed by the first cold weather they encounter. And in this way nature compels, from time to time, a vast body of these creatures to an act of self-destruction in order that the species may not be annihilated.

What a blessing it would be if the brown rat would reduce its numbers in a similar manner! But for the wealth of this country in food they would be compelled to eat each other up, or remove themselves to some other country. Few people can form an idea of the vast number of them there are in London, or the heavy toll they levy upon the food stores of the country. If we could but enlist "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," who, according to Robert Browning, cleared that Hanoverian city of its rats, drowning them in the Weser, what a stampede we should witness—their carcasses would choke the Thames! The sights and sounds which greeted the eyes and ears

of the wondering citizens of Hamelin when, in terms of his contract with the burgomaster, he piped to their destruction the rats which had so long fattened upon them, would be more than exceeded :

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling, with a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame when salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young pickers,
Fathers, mothers, uncle, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript had cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary.

We should not grudge the escape of one, or even a dozen, of the mighty horde of rats which infest our great metropolis, to be the historians of the destruction which befell the tribe.

From The Saturday Review.
SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE leading thesis of Mr. Disraeli's Inaugural Address at Glasgow, the importance of knowing the spirit of the age, has probably received as much attention as it deserves ; and we need not ask again what light Mr. Disraeli's speech throws upon the problem or upon Mr. Disraeli's own character. The speech, however, included another proposition which was less noticed, because less original. Indeed Mr. Disraeli himself observes that the topic has "for ages furnished philosophers with treatises." Young men, he said, ought to know themselves, and he tried to point out how the knowledge is to be obtained. We do not profess to add anything material to the long series of philosophers

amongst whom Mr. Disraeli modestly declined to assume a place ; but we may venture to dwell briefly upon one or two of the reflections suggested by his speech.

The remark about the importance of self-knowledge is one which occurs to everybody with unpleasant force at a certain period of life, as though it were a fresh personal discovery. When a man has finally fixed himself in the groove along which he is to work for the remainder of his life, and begins to perceive definitely the limits of his possible career, the thought occurs to him in various forms. Some few happy men may possibly reflect upon the good fortune which has provided the appropriate sphere for their talents ; others will regret that they are doomed to be always cutting blocks with razors, or, if they are unusually modest, that they are forever to be burdened with duties too high for them. But almost everybody has a tacit conviction that he would have done much better if he had known his talents at twenty years of age as well as he knows them at forty. Few and fortunate, indeed, are the men who have not to look back upon a lamentable waste of power ; who have not spent the most valuable years of their lives in learning something which proves to be utterly useless, and making false starts along paths which led to nothing. Waste, it is said, is the law of the world ; and nothing is more conspicuous than the waste of talent. Men who have made a great mark upon their contemporaries differ from their neighbours not merely in intrinsic power, but in some fortunate coincidence of circumstances which has enabled them to concentrate their energies from early life upon some given point. Yet we find that many even of the greatest men have, so to speak, been fighting with one hand tied ; and owing to a partial misdirection of their talents, have given us but a fragment of what might have been extracted from them if they had been turned to the best possible account. Newton made some valuable discoveries ; but how much more might he not have done if he had not been distracted from the studies in which lay his appropriate sphere of labour ? De Foe succeeded in writing an excellent novel ; but he had first spent an ordinary lifetime in producing work which nobody now cares to remember. If only we could distribute the proper part to each actor in the great drama from the time when his tal-

ents are first developed; and make him study it with undivided attention, we should effect a saving of genius more important than the saving of many mechanical powers. We forget what proportion of all the coal raised is said to be wasted by our extravagant modes of burning; but, whatever it may be, it cannot approach to the quantity of good intellect thrown away upon inappropriate tasks.

We might attempt to console ourselves by a theory which was at one time in favour. Genius, it was said, was nothing but great general power turned in one special direction. The same man who under one set of circumstances makes a great general, would under another be a first-rate mathematician or an accomplished lawyer. If so, one part of the apparent waste would be illusory. It would not matter to what work a man turned himself so long as he worked at something. Any man would fit any hole, and we need not bother ourselves about fitting the round hole with a square peg. The objection to the theory, to mention no other, is that it is palpably false. A man with delicate nerves may be a first-rate poet, and is pretty certain to be a bad lawyer. The calculating boy would be of no use as a preacher. Mathematical ability of a higher order is generally a special idiosyncrasy, and is consistent with utter incapacity for poetical or even philosophical activity. Of course, as a rough practical rule, there is some force in the argument. Geniuses are rare, and the bulk of mankind has no special idiosyncrasy. A man of the average capacity will do respectably, and will not do more than respectably, in almost any walk in life. Ninety-nine out of a hundred clergymen and lawyers might have changed places without any particular loss to the world at large. There is probably, too, more flexibility in most professions than people generally notice. A man is not fixed down so rigorously to one particular branch of work as he is in some mechanical trades. We have read of a man at Cincinnati who surpassed all other human beings in the art of killing pigs as decidedly as Napoleon surpassed the generals of his day in the art of destroying men. If this hero had been diverted from killing to flaying pigs his special idiosyncrasy would have been wasted. But this is an exceptional case. As a general rule, a man may find employment enough for all the talents which he possesses in any of the ordinary walks of life. A barrister, it is often said, will at

some time or other find the use of any bit of knowledge which he possesses; and in any of the liberal professions the same may be said for the ordinary rank and file of humanity. If they work at what comes in their way, they will find some employments for any little capacity in which they may happen to excel their neighbours. Making this allowance, however, it must be admitted that, even in ordinary cases, there is considerable waste of power whenever a man is driven into an uncongenial employment; and that the waste becomes really lamentable when we have to do with the exceptional cases of men of strongly marked genius.

We admit, therefore, the importance of the problem suggested by Mr. Disraeli. How are we to discover as early as possible for what a man is fittest, and so avoid putting potential generals to add up figures in a ledger, and potential philosophers to talk nonsense in the House of Commons? Is the judgment to depend upon a man himself or upon his neighbours? Mr. Disraeli thinks that even Jesuit schoolmasters are likely to be mistaken in detecting the special tendencies of their pupils. That Jesuits are fallible is quite true; and we may grant that the family circle and the contemporaries of a lad are equally liable to deception. We doubt, however, whether the liability to error is not rather exaggerated. It is curious, when we have the chance, to compare the judgment formed of a set of youths at college or school with their subsequent reputations. That many mistakes should be made is inevitable. Nobody could foresee that the scholar who promised to be a second Bentley would marry young, have twelve children by the time he was five-and-thirty, and be forced to squeeze a precarious living out of his crudest and hastiest thoughts. Nor could it be known that a promising mathematician would prefer many briefs to extending the borders of science; or that the youthful statesman would choose to bury himself in a country living. The judgment can only be formed from the talents which display themselves in a narrow sphere, and without reference to the disturbing influences which may exert themselves in later life. It is only what we might expect, therefore, when we hear from anybody whose memory goes far enough back of men who have disappointed early expectations and been outstripped by less promising competitors. The judgment may have been a sound one, though it could not include all the

elements of success. As a general rule, we should guess that the opinion of contemporaries is generally the most trustworthy. Though, as Mr. Disraeli tells us, youth may be generous and disposed to admire qualities not intrinsically valuable, yet it has quick perceptions and good materials for judgment. Stupid lads may lavish excessive admiration on mere popular qualities, or even on purely physical qualities; but young men of promise are ever excessively alive to intellectual excellence, are more generous in recognizing it than their elders. The hero of the passmen may be the leading athlete of the day; but even passmen do not suppose as yet that athleticism is a qualification for literary or official success. The hero of the authorities will be generally the young man who passes the most brilliant examinations. The criterion may be good as far as it goes; but it tends to give an undue advantage to docility as compared with originality. Success may be obtained in the Schools without that force of character which is the most useful quality in after life. The hero of the abler youths is generally that one of their own companions who distinguishes himself in some extraneous department; who is the best speaker at the Union, or writes verses which he mistakes for poetry. The speeches and the poems may be equally detestable in the eyes of a severe critic, but the disposition which they indicate is one of the highest value. It may be described as a strong self-confidence, or as a readiness to make a fool of oneself, or, more simply and fairly, as a superabundance of energy; and though, for sufficient reasons, it is not a quality to be encouraged by undue praise, it is generally symptomatic of power, and therefore of success. In these matters a school or a college is a more or less effective rehearsal of the scenes of later life; and therefore the judgment of a youth's companions is often an anticipation of the verdict which will be pronounced on a larger stage. It would be easy to confirm these opinions by illustrations, if it were not for the fear of personality; but the recently published list of distinguished men who had been presidents of the Oxford Union is some proof that young men succeed in recognizing the merits of their equals.

We may perhaps admit that most men of much mark have made their powers felt by their contemporaries before their education is finished. But it must be admitted that the judgment thus obtained

is too vague to be of much value. We should not recommend any young man to take to statesmanship because his speeches were cheered at the Union, or to devote his life to metaphysics because he was regarded as a philosopher by a clique of college friends. Success in such directions is obtained with too little knowledge to be much of a test. It shows vigour; but it hardly indicates the special line along which the vigour will develop itself. And, indeed, a man must be very weak who would really permit himself to regard the opinion either of friends or superiors as more than a useful indication. He will choose for himself, unless he is so feeble that it matters little what he chooses. Moreover a youth so unpleasantly pedantic as to determine his choice by a deliberate survey of his faculties would be not much better than one of the philosophers of the Laputan school who would steer his course across the park by the help of a sextant and a compass. If he has no very strong propensities, the consideration which will outweigh all others will be the ease of obtaining his bread and butter. It is so much more necessary that an ordinary human being should be able to pay his weekly bills than that his tastes and talents should be exactly suited, that we must put up with a certain roughness in our adjustments till we have arranged the world on a new plan. If, however, we take the more exceptional case of a youth with a strong propensity for some special employment, we may be pretty sure that, in spite of all that Mr. Disraeli and we can say, his opinion of his own faculties will be determined by his likings. We at least have never yet known such a monster as a youth who combined a strong taste, say, for science, with a recognition of his incapacity to do good scientific work. Everybody naturally takes his taste as a guarantee for his talents. The inference is unluckily not a certain one. There are people who have gone on painting pictures or writing poetry without possessing even the rudiments of an artistic or a poetical taste. To what causes this kind of monomania is due is a question which we need not investigate. That it sometimes exists is unfortunately a familiar fact of which everybody can produce ludicrous or pathetic instances. The chief use of self-knowledge, in the sense of an accurate estimate of our own talents, would be to enable us to discriminate between these cases. It would be very useful to know

whether our passion for a particular employment of our faculties is, as Mr. Disraeli puts it, "idiosyncratic," or "mimetic"; whether, that is, we want to work because we have strong muscles, or think that we have strong muscles because we want to work. Unfortunately no very consistent answer can be suggested, except that we should try the experiment as often as we please. We may ultimately work our way to success, and have the pleasure of turning the tables upon the critics who ridiculed our first efforts. More frequently, we shall go on breaking our shins in attempting impossible feats to the end of the chapter. In that case, whilst we regret the waste of human energy, we must admit that there is some

consolation. We cannot precisely approve, but yet we have a sort of sneaking sympathy for the gentleman who goes on writing epic poems in the conviction that a remote posterity will enjoy what his contemporaries reject. The spirit of good, robust, thick skinned self-confidence is so valuable that it meets some sort of approval even where it is misplaced. Whilst our power of predicting success is so limited, we must be content to trust to the struggle for existence; and the great stimulus to the struggle is not reason and self-observation, but blind confidence in ourselves. If well placed, so much the better; if not, there is something sublime even in thorough stupidity.

HERR KRYGER's conversation in the summer with Prince Bismarck has made a European celebrity of the member of the Diet for North Sleswick, since it has even had the effect of making his name a sort of shibboleth to distinguish the two parties on the Danish question. For whereas the thorough-going Pan-Germanic papers, those of Prussia particularly, insist on absorbing the representative of Sleswick bodily into their own nationality by spelling his name Krüger or Krueger, the more moderate journals allow him to write himself Kryger, as it seems he desires, as a good Dane at heart, to do. As to the controversy on the actual fate of the debatable border land which Herr Kryger represents in the Diet, it has never ceased since he first reported his memorable interview with the Chancellor to his constituents; and parties are now divided on it pretty nearly as is indicated by their spelling of his name—some of the Krügerites going so far as to declare that any proposal, even from Prince Bismarck himself, to carry out the hostile wishes of the North Sleswickers would be nothing less than treason to the great cause of German unity, and that there can be no occasion now to fulfil a pledge which was avowedly extorted by direct pressure from France. To this sort of argument the answer is obvious enough to convince any but the most thoroughgoing and unreasoning nationalist. Although the French pressure no

longer exists, that is all the more reason in honour for carrying out the engagement, provided this can be done without danger to German interests. These cannot be seriously injured, it is pointed out, by the possible surrender to Denmark, at the wish of their inhabitants, of the insignificant border parishes whose present position causes so much ill-blood between all Scandinavia and Germany. The latter empire, now in the plenitude of its power, does not propose to use this in order to violate the Treaty of Prague as regards Luxemburg, although that important duchy was severed from Germany in accordance with French remonstrances similar to those which caused the insertion of the debated 5th Article. And if the German Government can find a proper solution of the question left open by the letter, in agreement with that of Copenhagen, Prince Bismarck is the most unlikely statesman in the world to plead that he cannot afford to satisfy a worthy neighbour and settle a difficulty in what he knew to be the right way, for fear of offending the susceptibilities of his forty-one millions of fellow-Germans. On the whole, the discussion is eminently satisfactory, as showing that among the forty-one millions referred to there are plenty who do not think that the greatness of an empire can in any way be affected by its paying a small tribute to justice and magnanimity.

Pall Mall.

END OF VOL. IV.



